Hymnals

R.

PSALMS
AND
HYMNS,
SELECTED
FOR THE USE OF
THE
PARISH-CHURCH
OF
Boſton.

THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION; JOY AND GLADNESS SHALL BE THEREIN; THANKSGIVING, AND THE VOICE OF MELODY.

Iſaiah li. 3.

Boſton

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Brethren! fulfil ye my Joy. *Phil.* xi. 2.

Meet in the Houſe of God as Friends. *Pſ.* lv. 14.

Walk in Love. *Eph.* v. 2.

And the God of Patience and Conſolation grant you to be like-minded one towards another, according to Chriſt Jeſus; that ye may with one Mind and one Mouth glorify God:—That your Prayers be not hindered. *Rom.* xv. 5. and iii. 7.

And the very God of Peace ſanctify you wholly! and I pray God your whole Spirit, and Soul, and Body, be preſerved blameleſs unto the Coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—That being free from Sin, and become Servants to God, ye may have your Fruit unto Holineſs, and the End Everlaſting Life. 1 *Theſ.* v. 23. and *Rom.* vi. 22.

Finally, Brethren, farewell: Be perfect——be of good Comfort:—Be of one Mind:—Live in Peace; and the God of Love and Peace ſhall be with you. Amen. 2 *Cor.* xiii. 11.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

Hymn for Sunday Morning,

AT THE BEGINNING OF SERVICE.

AGAIN THE DAY returns of sacred rest,
Which, when he made the world, JEHOVAH blest;
When, like his own, he bid *our* labour cease,
And all be piety, and holy peace.

Let us devote this consecrated Day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in Penitence, and humble Prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy, pleas'd, receive
That only tribute Man has pow'r to give;
So shall he hear; while fervently we raise
Our Choral Harmony in Hymns of Praise.

CHORUS.

FATHER OF HEAVEN! in whom our hopes confide;
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In Life our Guardian, and in Death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!

Hymn for Sunday Evening,

AT THE BEGINNING OF SERVICE.

SOON will the evening Star, with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on THIS SACRED DAY:
Resume we then, 'ere Sleep and Silence reign,
The Rites which Holiness and Heav'n ordain.

Still let each awful Truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd on Inspiration's page:
Nor be those hours in vain amusements past,
Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope, our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning Sabbath, join
In Prayer, and Penitence, and Praise divine.

CHORUS.

FATHER OF HEAVEN! in whom our hopes confide;
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In Life our Guardian, and in Death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!

BRITISH MUSEUM 11.1A.77

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O, ſing Praiſes, ſing Praiſes, unto our God!
O, ſing Praiſes, ſing Praiſes, unto our King!
God is the King of All the Earth:
Sing ye Praiſes with Underſtanding.
Pſ. xlvii. 6.

JEHOVAH, THE ONE TRUE GOD.

Pſalm LXXXVI. 7.

AMONG the Gods there's none like THEE,
O LORD, alone divine!
Of all thoſe *fabled* Beings, *none*
Can boaſt ſuch Pow'rs as *thine*.

Therefore, their GREAT CREATOR, THEE
The Nations ſhall adore;
Their long-miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
To thy bleſt Name reſtore.

All ſhall confeſs THEE *great*, and great
The *Wonders* Thou haſt done;
Confeſs *Thee* GOD, the GOD SUPREME,
Confeſs THEE GOD ALONE.

The excellent Greatneſs and Majeſty of God.

Pſalm CXLV. 3, 4, 13.

THOU, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd:
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd!

Renown'd for mighty Acts—thy Fame
To future Times extends:
From Age to Age, thy glorious Name
Succeſſively deſcends.

Thy ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
Shall ſtand for ever faſt:
Thy boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee
But Time itſelf out-laſt.

Pſalm XCIII.

WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation ſtrongly laid;
And the vaſt Fabric ſtill ſuſtains.

How ſurely 'ſtabliſh'd is thy Throne,
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all Eternity!

Praiſe Him, according to his excellent Greatneſs.
Pſ. l.

Pſalm CXIII.

YE Saints, and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs:
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

God thro' the World extends his Sway;
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are:
To Him, whoſe Majeſty excels
Who made the Heav'ns, in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State, to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth extends his Care:
And upright Men of low Eſtate,
In common with the Rich and Great,
His Favour and Protection ſhare.

The Sovereignty of God.

Pſalm XCV. 3, 4, 5. and LXXXIX. 11.

THE Lord, our God, enthron'd in State,
Is with unrivall'd Glory great;
A King ſuperior far to All,
Whom *Pagans* by his Title call.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command:
The Strength of Hills, that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs,
By the ſame ſov'reign Right, is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land,

In him the ſov'reign Right remains
Of all, that Earth or Heav'n contains:
Angels and Men muſt *Him* alone
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone! And bleſſed be thy glorious Name, which is exalted above all Bleſſing and all Praiſe. Neh. ix. 5.

Pſalm XCV. 1, 2, 6, 7.

O COME, loud Anthems let us ſing;
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.

Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

O, let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there:
Down on our Knees devoutly All
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

For He's our God, our Father He:
The People of his Paſture We;
The Flock, that, guided by his Care,
The Bleſſings of his Bounty ſhare.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory, and Honour, and Power: For thou haſt created all Things: and for thy Glory they are, and were created. Rev. iv. 11.

Pſalm C.

WITH one Conſent, let all the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay, with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.

Convinc'd, that he is God alone,
From whom both We and All proceed;
We, whom He chooſes for his own,
The Flock, that he vouchſafes to feed.

O, enter then his Temple Gate;
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs:
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat;
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.

For He's the Lord ſupremely good;
His Mercy is for ever ſure:
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord; and thou art exalted as Head, above All: Now, therefore, we praiſe thy glorious Name. 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

Pſalm XCIX. 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

JEHOVAH reigns! Let All with Praiſe
Addreſs his awful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
His Holineſs proclaim.

For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
Of Strength and Pow'r take Place:
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
Diſpens'd to Britain's Race.

Therefore, exalt the Lord our God;
Before his Footſtool fall:
And, with his unreſiſted Might,
His Holineſs extol:

With Worſhip at his ſacred Throne
Exalt th' Almighty Lord;
For He, the High and Holy One,
Alone ſhould be ador'd.

Thou art Lord alone: Thou haſt made Heaven, the Heaven of Heavens with all their Hoſt, the Earth, and all Things that are therein: And Thou preſerveſt them all. Neh. ix. 6.

Pſalm XIX.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
(Which that alone can fill,)
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
Their great Creator's Skill.

The Dawn of each returning Day
Freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
And from the Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
Divine Inſtruction ſprings.

Their pow'rful Language to no Realm,
Or Region is confin'd:
'Tis Nature's Voice; and underſtood
Alike by all Mankind.

Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
Thro' Earth's Extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
Does round the World convey.

From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
His ceaſeleſs Courſe he goes;
And, thro' his Progreſs, chearful Light,
And vital Warmth beſtows.

The ſame. By Mr. Addiſon.

THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal Sky,
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame.
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale;
And, nightly, to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:

Whilſt all the Stars, that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What! tho' in ſolemn *Silence*, All
Move round this dark terreſtrial Ball;
What! tho' no real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found;

In *Reaſon*'s Ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever *ſinging*, as they ſhine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

An Hymn.

From the Pſalms.

THRO' circling Ages, Lord, thy Word
Unchangeable remains:
Thy Pow'r—by which they firſt were mov'd—
The heav'nly Orbs ſuſtains.

Thine is the chearful Day; and thine
The black Returns of Night:
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
And ev'ry feebler Light.

By Thee the Borders of the Earth
In perfect Order ſtand:
The Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold
Attend on thy Command.

All Things the Courſe, by Thee ordain'd,
E'en to this Day fulfil:
They are thy faithful Subjects All,
And Servants of thy Will.

Pſ. cxix. 90. Pſ. lxxiv. 16, 17. Pſ. cxix. 91.

Pſalm VIII. 3d. &c.

WHEN Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
Employs my wond'ring Sight,
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light:

What's Man (ſays I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy Mind?
Or, what his Offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To them ſo wond'rous kind?

Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
To thy celeſtial Train;
Ordain'd, with Dignity and State,
O'er all thy Works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
The Beaſts, that prey or graze;
The Bird, that wings its airy Way;
The Fiſh, that cuts the Seas.

O Thou! to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

Pſalm XXXIII. 6, 8, 7, 4.

BY the Almighty's Word, at firſt,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

The ſwelling Floods, together roll'd,
He made on Heaps to lie;
And laid, as in a Storehouſe ſafe,
The watry Treaſures by.

Let Earth, and All that dwell therein,
Before him trembling ſtand:
For, when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made;
'Twas fix'd at his Command.

And ever-faithful is his Word;
His Works with Truth abound:
He Juſtice loves; and all the Earth
Is with his Goodneſs crown'd.

Pſalm CII. 25, &c.

THE ſtrong Foundations of the Earth,
O Lord, by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n,
With wondrous Skill have made.

Whilſt *Thou* for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Veſture often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.

Like *that*, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
To thy Command they bend:
But Thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame;
Nor have thy Years an End.

Thou to the Children of thy Saints
Shalt laſting Quiet give:
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fix'd,
Shall in thy Preſence live.

Pſalm CIV.

BLESS God, my Soul! Thou, Lord, alone
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds:
With Honour Thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.

With Light Thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take;
Heav'ns Curtains ſtretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind,
Thy Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd;
All proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.

Pſalm LXXXIX. 8, 11.

LORD God of Armies! Who can boaſt
Of Strength and Pow'r, like thine, re-
Of ſuch a numerous faithful Hoſt [nown'd?
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?

In Thee the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n: Thee, Lord, alone,
The World, and All that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

Pſalm CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord! Our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'r ſhall raiſe:
With private Friends and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.

His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wondrous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe, who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants' Wants ſupply'd:
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.

Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands:
Immutable are his Commands:
Immortal Praiſe and heav'nly Skill
Have they, who know and do his Will.

By Precept, He has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
"That good and gracious is the Lord."

Verſe 1, 2, 5, 3, 7, 10, 4.

O Lord, Thou art our Father: and all we are the Work of thy Hand. Iſ. lxiv. 8.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 14, 13, 17, &c.

I'LL praiſe *Thee*, from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me haſt ſhewn,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

Thine Eye my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a ſhapeleſs Maſs it lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth it took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and every vital Part:
Each ſingle Thread in Nature's Loom
By Thee was covered in the Womb.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince the Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:
Each Morn, reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but juſt begun.

God ſearcheth all Hearts, and underſtandeth the Imaginations of the Thoughts. 1 Chron. xxiii. 9.

Great in Counſel, and mighty in Work—his Eyes are upon all the Ways of the Sons of Men. Jer. xxxii. 19.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 1, 2, 5, 23.

THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search, haſt known
My Riſing-up, and Lying-down:
My ſecret Thoughts are known to Thee;
Known, long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts, and private Ways:
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Word's Intent.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
O! Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!

Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part:
Correct me, where I go aſtray;
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

God is every where present.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 7, &c.

O, COULD I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting Thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun?
Or, whither, from thy Preſence, run?

If, up to Heav'n, I take my Flight—
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt, enthron'd in Light:
If, down to Hell's infernal Plains—
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.

If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main;
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

Or, ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight,
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight Shades Thou find'ſt the Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

An Hymn to God, the Preſerver of Men: Collected from different Pſalms.

NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhake
My Truſt, Great God, in Thee:
For Thou my Saviour, Thou, my Rock,
And ſure Defence ſhalt be.

Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from
My helpleſs Infant Days; [Wrongs.
And, ſince, haſt been my God and Guide
Thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.

Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
When I with Age decay;
Forſake me not, when, worn with Years,
My Vigour fades away.

O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings extend,
To guard me from the num'rous Ills,
Which this frail Life attend!

So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
Extol thy wondrous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait,
Till I from Earth remove.

Pſ. xviii. 1. Pſ. xxii. 10. Pſ. lxxi. 9.
Pſ. xvii. 8. Pſ. lii. 9.

Pſalm XXII. v. 10. and LXXI. v. 9, 11.

From Mr. Merrick's Tranſlation.

THINE, mightieſt Father, thine I am;
By Thee from out the Womb I came;
From Thee my ev'ry Comfort ſprung,
While yet upon the Breaſt I hung!
Hail! from my Birth and to my End,
My God, my Guardian, and my Friend!

On Thee my Hopes ſupported ſtand:
My Life, from earlieſt Youth, thy Hand
(That Life, which firſt from Thee began)
Preſerv'd, and led me up to *Man!*
And, while that Care my Life prolongs,
Thy Name ſhall animate my Songs.

O, let me not, Almighty Friend,
While with the Weight of Age I bend,
And wearied Nature's Succours fail,
The Abſence of thine Aid bewail!
My Gracious God! be Thou ſtill near;
And make, O make, my Life thy Care!

Pſalm LXXI. 6, 17, 18, 14.

THY conſtant Care did ſafely guard
My tender Infant Days:
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb,
To ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth
To praiſe thy glorious Name:
And, ever ſince, thy wondrous Works
Have been my conſtant Theme.

Then now, forſake me not, when I
Am grey and feeble grown:
That, by thy Strength upheld, I may
Thy Grace and Pow'r make known.

To Life's Extreme, my ſtedfaſt Hope
Shall on thy Pow'r depend;
And I, in grateful Songs of Praiſe,
My Time to come will ſpend.

Pſalm LXXI. 21, 20, 23, 22.

THRO' Thee, O Lord, my Time to come
Shall be with Gladneſs crown'd:
And me, who diſmal Years have paſs'd,
Thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.

Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
Thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And, from the loweſt Depths of Woe,
With tender Care retrieve.

Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
Employ my chearful Voice:
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy Strength rejoice.

Then will I celebrate thy Truth
With Inſtruments of Praiſe;
To Thee, my ever-gracious God,
My Voice in Anthems raiſe.

Pſalm CIV. 27, 28, 31, 24.

THE various Troops of Sea and Land
In Senſe of common Want agree:
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee:

They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide:
Thou ope'ſt thine Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

Thus, thro' ſucceſſive Ages, ſtands,
Firm fix'd, thy Providential Care:
Pleas'd with the Works of thine own Hands
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.

How perfect, Lord, thy Works are found;
For which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Goodneſs crown'd;
'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more!

An Hymn.

FOR Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Daily be thy great Name ador'd!
Who art our Saviour and our God;
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.

From out thine inexhauſted Store,
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
Thou mak'ſt the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
Which either Food or Phyſic yield.

With cluſter'd Grapes thou crown'ſt the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſs'd with Cares:
Giv'ſt Oil, that makes his Face to ſhine,
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
With freſh Returns of Plenty crown:
And, when thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.

Pſ. lxiii. 19. Pſ. lxv. 9. Pſ. civ. 14.
Pſ. civ. 15. Pſ. lxv. 11.

Pſalm XXXIV. 11, &c.

APPROACH, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
And my Inſtruction hear;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
Of a religious Fear.

Let him, who Length of Life deſires,
And proſp'rous Days would ſee,
From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
His Lips from Falſhood free.

The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
And Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace, where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis loſt, renew.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
With favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
Is open to their Cries.

Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
When his Relief they crave:
He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
And contrite Spirit ſave.

Pſalm XIX. 7.

GOD's perfect Law converts the Soul,
Reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
The Ignorant inſpires.

The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
And bring ſincere Delight:
His pure Commands in Search of Truth
Aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

My truſty Counſellors they are,
And friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe,
Who by his Precepts live.

Pſalm CXIX. 89, 96.

FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd Thou doſt remain:
Thy Word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
Does all their Orbs ſuſtain.

I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like Thyſelf,
No Change nor Period know.

Pſalm CXIX. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6.

HOW bleſt are they, O Lord, who keep
The pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
Of thy Commandments ſtray!

How bleſt! who to thy righteous Laws
Have ſtill obedient been:
And have, with fervent humble Zeal,
Thy Favour ſought to win.

Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
To ſhun each wicked Deed,
And in the Path by Thee preſcrib'd,
With conſtant Care proceed.

O, then, that thy moſt holy Will
Might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I my future Courſe of Life
By thy Direction guide!

Then, with Aſſurance ſhould I walk
From all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
With thy Commands agree!

Pſalm CXIX. 29, &c.

FAR, far from me, be all falſe Ways,
And lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant, I ſtill may keep
The Path by Thee approv'd.

Thy faithful Ways, Thou God of Truth,
My happy Choice I've made;
Thy Statutes, as my Rule of Life,
Before me always laid.

My Care has been, to make my Life
With thy Commands agree:
O, then! preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
From Shame and Ruin free.

So, in the Way of thy Commands
Shall I with Pleaſure run;
And, with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
Succeſsfully go on.

Pſalm CXIX. 34, &c.

IF Thou true Wiſdom from above
Wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Law I will
Devote my zealous Heart.

Direct me in the ſacred Paths,
To which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
Thoſe righteous Paths to tread.

Do Thou, to thy moſt juſt Commands,
Incline my willing Heart:
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth,
From Thee my Thoughts divert.

From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes,
Which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
To keep thy perfect Ways.

Pſalm CXIX. 144, 66, 101, 169.

ETERNAL and unerring Rules
Thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom, that will make
My Soul for ever live.

Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
Right Judgment I may gain;
And in the Way of thy Commands
I'll ſtedfaſtly remain.

My Feet with Care I will refrain
From ev'ry evil Way;
And, to thy ſacred Word alone,
Entire Obedience pay.

To my repeated humble Pray'r
Attend, O gracious Lord!
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
According to thy Word!

Pſalm CXIX. 165, 56, 130, 58.

SECURE, ſubſtantial Peace have they,
Who truly love thy Law:
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
Nor frowning Danger awe.

That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
In deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will,
I happily obtain'd.

The very Entrance to thy Word
Cœleſtial Light diſplays;
And Knowledge of true Happineſs,
To ſimpleſt Minds conveys.

With all the Strength of warm Deſires
Let me thy Grace implore!
"Lord! to thy Supplicant diſcloſe
"Thy Mercy's boundleſs Store!"

Pſalm CXIX. 94, 80, 10, 133.

AS I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
And carefully perform.

In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
Continue always ſound;
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
May never me confound.

With hearty Zeal, for Thee I ſeek,
To Thee for Succour pray:
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
From thy right Paths to ſtray.

Directed by thy ſacred Word
Let all my Footſteps be:
Nor Wickedneſs of any Kind
Dominion have o'er me.

Pſalm CXIX. 9, 104, 168, 63, 112.

HOW ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
From all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
With thy Commands agree.

Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
With heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which, the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd, that my moſt ſecret Ways
Are open to thy View.

To ſuch as fear thy Holy Name
Myſelf I cloſely join;
To all, who their obedient Wills
To thy Commands reſign.

My Heart with early Zeal began
Thy Statutes to obey;
And, 'till my Courſe of Life is done,
Shall keep thy upright Way.

Pſalm CXIX. 68, 11, 113, 47.

THOU art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
And all Thou doſt is ſo:
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
Thy ſaving Skill beſtow.

Secured by *that*, my grateful Soul
Shall ever bleſs thy Name:
O! teach me then, by thy juſt Laws
My future Life to frame.

Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
Too great to be expreſt.

My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
O'erflow with conſtant Joy,
When, in thy lov'd Commandments, I
My happy Hours employ.

Pſalm CXIX. 81, 132, 41, 42.

MY Soul, with long Expectance, waits
To ſee thy ſaving Grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
My Confidence I place.

With Favor, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy Relief implore;
As Thou art wont to viſit thoſe,
Who thy bleſt Name adore.

Thy conſtant Bleſſing now beſtow,
To chear my drooping Heart:
To me, according to thy Word,
Thy ſaving Health impart.

So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
This ready Anſwer make,
" In God I truſt, who never will
" His faithful Promiſe break."

Pſalm CXIX. 75, 67, 59, 60.

THAT right thy Judgments are, O Lord,
I, by Experience, ſee;
And that, in very Faithfulneſs,
Thou haſt afflicted me.

Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
My Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd,
Thy Precepts to obey.

With due Reflection and ſtrict Care,
On all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd, to thy juſt Paths
My wand'ring Steps I brought.

I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte;
Reſolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy Commandments ſtray.

Pſalm CXIX. 49, 50. and XXVII. 13, 14.

ACCORDING to thy promis'd Grace,
Thy Favor, Lord, extend!
Make good to me the *Word*, on which
Thy Servant's Hopes depend:

That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
Did all my Griefs controll:
Thy *Word* in Sorrow's diſmal Day,
Reviv'd my fainting Soul.

I truſted, that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or my deſponding Soul had ſunk,
In Floods of Sorrow drown'd.

—God's Time with patient Faith expect,
And He'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength:—Do *Thou* thy Part,
And leave to Him the Reſt.

Pſalm CXIX. 108, 163, 106, 135.

LET ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
With Thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Inſtruct my willing Mind.

Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
Too vaſt to be expreſt.

I ſwear—and from the ſolemn Vow
Will never ſtart aſide—
That, aided by thy Grace, I will
In thy juſt Laws abide.

On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
My Heart with Zeal incline.

Pſalm CXIX. 33, &c.

By Mr. Merrick.

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy Way:
So, to my Life's remoteſt Day,
By thine unerring Precepts led,
My willing Feet its Paths ſhall tread.

Inform'd by Thee, with ſacred Awe
My Heart ſhall meditate thy Law:
And, with cœleſtial Wiſdom fill'd,
To Thee entire Obedience yield.

Give me, to know thy Words aright,
(Thy Words, my Soul's ſupreme Delight)
That purg'd from Thirſt of Gold, my Mind
In them its better Wealth may find.

O, turn from Vanity mine Eye!
To me thy quick'ning Strength ſupply:
And with thy promis'd Mercy chear
An Heart devoted to thy Fear.

Extracted from Mr. Merrick's Tranſlation of Pſalm CI.

HEAV'NLY Wiſdom! be my Guide;
Suffer not my Feet to ſlide,
Nor, from thy All-perfect Way,
Loſt in Paths of Sin, to ſtray.

When! O when, cœleſtial Gueſt,
Shall my Soul with Thee be bleſt?
Lo! my Heart, with ſtudious Care,
For thy Preſence I prepare.

Ne'er ſhall my preſumptuous Hand
Dare to break thy juſt Command:
Ne'er within me ſhalt thou find
Aught, that ſpeaks a faithleſs Mind.

Viſit too this pious Band:
All, who round thine Altar ſtand,
And in ſacred Homage join
To their own great Lord and mine.

Pſalm XIX. 12, 13, 14.

By Mr. Merrick.

BEST Inſtructor! From thy Ways,
Who can tell how oft he ſtrays?
Purge me from the Guilt, that lies
Wrapt within my Heart's Diſguiſe:

Let me *thence*, by Thee renew'd,
Each preſumptuous Sin exclude;
So, my Lot ſhall ne'er be join'd
With the Men of impious Mind.

Let my Tongue, from Error free,
Speak the Words approv'd by Thee;
To thine all-obſerving Eyes,
Let my Thoughts accepted riſe!

While I thus thy Name adore,
And thy healing Grace implore,
Bleſt Redeemer, bow thine Ear!
God, my Strength, propitious hear!

Pſalm CXIX. 4. and XIX. 12, 13, 14.

THOU ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
Thy Statutes to fulfil.

But, what frail Man obſerves, how oft
He does from Virtue fall?
O, cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
Thou God, who know'ſt them all!

Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me:
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
The great Tranſgreſſion flee!

So, ſhall my Pray'rs and Praiſes be
With thy Acceptance bleſt:
And I, ſecure on thy Defence,
My God and Saviour, reſt.

Pſalm I.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
By ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinner's Ways, nor ſits
Where Men profanely talk:

But makes the perfect Law of God
His Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
And meditates by Night.

Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
With timely Fruit does bend;
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
All his Deſigns attend.

For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
To Happineſs they lead:
Theſe wiſely chooſing, We, from Grace,
To Glory ſhall proceed.

Pſalm XV.

THE Man, who by his ſteady Courſe,
Has Happineſs inſur'd,
When Earth's Foundations ſhake, ſhall ſtand,
By Providence ſecur'd.

Pſalm XIX. 7, 8, 11.

By Mr. Merrick.

WARMTH and Life, each faithful Heart
Feels thy Law, great God, impart:
Preſs'd with Sorrows, Death, or Fears,
What, like this, the Spirit chears?

What ſo perfect? What ſo pure?
What to Reaſon's Eye obſcure
Can ſuch wondrous Light afford,
As the Dictates of thy Word?

Taught by them thy Servant's Breaſt
Joys the Bleſſings to atteſt,
Heap'd on thoſe, whoſe Hearts ſincere
Learn thy Precepts to revere.

Pſalm LXXXVI. 11. CXIX. 8.

TEACH me thy Way, O Lord, and I
From Truth will ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
Devoutly fix my Heart:

So, to thy ſacred Laws ſhall I
All due Obſervance pay:
O then forſake me not, my God,
Nor caſt me quite away.

Pſalm CXIX. 10, 11, 13, 26.

By the ſame.

HAIL, beſt Inſtructor! Thee, my Thought
With full Deſire, great God has ſought:
O let me not, by Error's Sway
Impell'd, from thy Direction ſtray.

Thy Precept, in my Breaſt conceal'd,
From Sin's Aſſault my Heart ſhall ſhield:
Bleſt is thy Name, Eternal Lord!
O, write within my Mind thy Word.

Thy Dictates ſtill, my conſtant Joy,
My Soul's Attention ſhall employ;
Nor aught ſhall from my Sight withdraw
Thy Path; or, from my Thought thy Law.

O let me, leſſon'd in thy Way,
The Wonders of thy Grace ſurvey:
While on my Soul, that melts with Woe,
That Grace its Succours ſhall beſtow.

Pſalm XLI. 1, 2, 3, 12.

By the ſame.

BLEST! who with gen'rous Pity glows;
Who learns to feel another's Woes;
Bows to the Poor-Man's Wants his Ear,
And wipes the helpleſs Orphan's Tear:
In ev'ry Want, in ev'ry Woe,
Himſelf thy Pity, Lord, ſhall know!

Thy Love his Life ſhall guard; thy Hand
Give to his Lot the choſen Land:
When languid with Diſeaſe and Pain,
Thou, Lord, his Spirit wilt ſuſtain,
Prop with thine Arm his ſinking Head,
And guard with tend'reſt Care his Bed.

O let me, Lord, thy Mercy know—
With lowlieſt Mind to Thee I bow—
And I (for Thou thine Aid ſhalt yield)
In Innocence of Heart upheld,
Thy Courts ſhall ever tread, and there
The Fullneſs of thy Preſence ſhare.

Pſalm CXXXIII.

HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
How great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
In Offices of Love.

True Love is like refreſhing Dew,
Which on the Earth diſtills;
Or like the early Drops that fall
On Britain's fruitful Hills.

For God on All, whoſe friendly Hearts
With mutual Love abound,
The promis'd Bleſſing will beſtow,
"A Life with Favor crown'd."

Pſalm XLI.

HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care
Relieves the Poor diſtreſt;
When Troubles compaſs him around,
The Lord ſhall give him Reſt.

The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
In Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe,
Who ſeek to do him Wrong.

If he in languiſhing Eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with Sickneſs lie,
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
And inward Strength ſupply.

Pſalm CXXXI. By Mr. Merrick.

THINE Eyes in me, nor lofty Mind,
Nor haughty Look, my God ſhall find:
Nor Earth's vain Pomp attracts my View;
Nor Honor's Prize my Thoughts purſue.

Behold me of Affections mild;
Behold me humble as a Child,
That meek and ſilent ſinks to Reſt,
Wean'd from the tender Parent's Breaſt.

O fonder than that Parent, ſee
Thy Maker Chriſtian, cheriſh thee:
To lateſt Times on Him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend!

Pſalm CXXXIII. By the ſame.

HOW bleſt the Sight, the Joy how ſweet,
When Brothers, join'd with Brothers,
In Bands of mutual Love! [meet
Leſs ſweet the liquid Fragrance, ſhed
On Aaron's conſecrated Head,
Ran trickling from above,

And reach'd his Beard, and reach'd his Veſt:
Leſs ſweet the Dews, on Hermon's Breaſt,
Or Sion's Hill, deſcend:—
That Hill has God with Bleſſings crown'd,
There promis'd *Grace*, that knows no Bound,
And *Life* that knows no End.

Pſalm XXIV.

THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
The Lord's her Fulneſs is:
The World, and they that dwell therein,
By ſovereign Right are his.

But, for Himſelf, this Lord of All
One choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Place
Deſerv'd Admittance find?

The Man, whoſe Hands and Heart are pure;
Whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free:
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
To gainful Perjury.

This—This is He, on whom the Lord
Will ſhow'r his Bleſſings down:
Whom God, his Saviour, will vouchſafe
With Righteouſneſs to crown.

Pſalm XV. 1, &c. and Pſalm XXIV. 6.

LORD! who's the happy Man, that may
To thy bleſt Courts repair;
And with Aſſurance offer up
His Pray'rs and Praiſes there?

'Tis He, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
By Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The Thing his Heart diſproves.

Who never did a Slander forge,
His Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
By Malice whiſper'd round.

Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And, tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
Still makes his Promiſe good.

Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
The ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Votaries, who find
Acceptance with their God.

Pſalm LXVI. 16, 17, 19, 8, 13.

O COME! All ye, that fear the Lord;
Attend with pious Care;
Whilſt I, what God for me has done,
With grateful Joy declare.

As I before his Aid implor'd,
So now I praiſe his Name,
Who, in great Mercy to my Soul,
Would not my Pray'r diſclaim:

But, when in deep Diſtreſs I cry'd,
His gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
Indulgently attend.

Then bleſs'd for ever be my God—
(I'll ſpeak his conſtant Praiſe)
Who holds my Soul in Life, and ſtill
Confirms my ſtedfaſt Ways:

With Thanks I'll to his Altar go,
And there my Vows I'll pay,
Which I with fervent Zeal did make
In Trouble's diſmal Day.

Pſalm LXXXIV. 4, &c.

O LORD of Hoſts, my King and God,
How highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy ſacred Courts attend,
And there thy Praiſe diſplay!

Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has Thee,
Their ſure Protection made:
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways,
That to thy Dwelling lead!

They ſhall proceed from Strength to Strength,
And ſtill approach more near,
'Till all on Sion's holy Mount
Before their God appear.

Pſalm XXXIII. 20.

OUR Souls on God with Patience wait;
Our Help and Shield is He:—
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts Rejoice;
Becauſe we truſt in Thee.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
On Thee alone depend.

Pſalm XXVI. 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 7.

By Mr. Merrick.

BE Thou my Judge: My Heart and Reins
With friendly View ſurvey:
Thy Love, great God, my Hope ſuſtains,
Thy Truth directs my Way.

In Innocence I waſh my Hands,
Thine Altar compaſs round;
And grateful lead the ſacred Bands,
Whoſe Hymns thy Acts reſound.

How often, mov'd with Warmth divine,
Thy Threſhold have I trod!
How, lov'd the Courts, whoſe Walls inſhrine
The Glory of my God!

Thou, Lord, my Steps haſt fix'd aright,
And pleas'd ſhall hear my Tongue
With Sion's grateful Sons unite,
To form the Feſtal Song.

Then pour—O pour—while thus I tread
The Path by Thee prepar'd—
Thy Beams of Mercy on my Head;
And round me plant a Guard.

Pſalm XXX. 4. and XXII. 29, 30.

THUS to his Courts, ye Saints of God,
With grateful Hymns repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
And Providential Care.

The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty muſt confeſs:
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous Patron bleſs.

With humble Worſhip to his Throne,
Theſe all for Aid reſort;
That Pow'r, which firſt their Beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

Pſalm XXII. 25.

THUS, in thy ſacred Courts, will I
My chearful Thanks expreſs;
In Preſence of thy Saints, perform
The Vows of my Diſtreſs.

The meek Companions of my Grief
Shall find my Table ſpread:
And all, who ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

Pſalm CV. 4, 3.

SEEK ye the Lord: His ſaving Strength
Devoutly ſtill implore:
And, where He's ever preſent, ſeek
His Face for evermore.

Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
That humbly ſeek the Lord.

Pſalm XLIII. 3, &c.

LET me with Light and Truth be bleſt!
Be theſe my Guides to lead the Way:
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
And in thy ſacred Temple pray.

Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
To Thee, who art my only Joy:
And Songs, with Inſtruments of Praiſe,
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

Why then caſt down, my Soul? and why
So much oppreſs'd with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

Pſalm XL. 6.

I'VE learn'd, that Thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
For Man's Tranſgreſſion to atone:

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The Law thine Oracles impart:
'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
Thy Laws are written in my Heart.

Pſalm XL. 9, &c.

IN full Aſſemblies, I have told
Thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large:
Nor did (Thou know'ſt) my Lips with-hold
From utt'ring what Thou gav'ſt in Charge:

Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd
Thy Faithfulneſs and ſaving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love, for All deſign'd,
That All might that and Truth embrace.

Then, let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy Loving-Kindneſs my Reward,
Thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.

Pſalm XXXVI. 5, &c.

THY Mercy, Lord, my only Hope,
The higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.

Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are:
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodneſs *All* partake,
With what Aſſurance, ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make?
And Saints to thy Protection truſt?

Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repaſt;
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys, that ſhall for ever laſt.

With Thee the Springs of Life remain;
Thy Preſence is eternal Day:
O, let us then, thy Favor gain;
And to each Heart thy Truth diſplay!

Pſalm CVI.

By Mr. Merrick.

LET Songs of Joy to *God* aſcend,
Whoſe Love nor Limit knows, nor End;
But O, what Tongue, in equal Lay,
His Acts can ſpeak, his Praiſe diſplay!

Thrice happy! Who, with ſtedfaſt Will,
The Dictates of his Law fulfil!— [Joy!
What *Hopes*, great God, are their's! What
While thy Commands their Care employ!

With Theſe, thy choſen Flock, aſſign'd
May I my Lot for ever find!
O grant me, Lord! with *theſe*, to prove
The Pow'r of thy redeeming Love:

And, while thy Mercy on our Heads
The Fulneſs of its Bleſſing ſheds,
With them, th' accepted Hymn to ſing,
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Pſalm LXV.

FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows complete.

O Thou! who to my humble Pray'r
Didſt always bend thy willing Ear,
To Thee ſhall all Mankind repair;
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

Our Sins—tho' numberleſs—in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt Thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.

Bleſt is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt *we*, at humbler Diſtance, taſte
The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.

Pſalm XCVII. 12, 11.

REJOICE, ye Faithful, in the Lord:
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your pious Breaſts record,
And with your grateful Tongues expreſs:

For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
To recompenſe its pious Truſt.

Pſalm CIII.

MY Soul! inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's ſacred Name for ever bleſs!
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.

'Tis He, that all thy Sins forgives;
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound:
From Danger He thy Life retrieves,
By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

Pſalm CIII. 19, &c.

THE Lord, the univerſal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne;
To Him, ye *Angels*, Praiſes ſing,—
In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhewn.

Ye, that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear, and do his ſacred Will:
Ye Hoſts of His, this Tribute pay,—
Who ſtill, what He ordains, fulfil.

Let ev'ry Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord:—And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs;
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

Pſalm XLII.

AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
When heated in the Chaſe;
So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreſhing Grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirſty Soul does pine:
O! when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty divine?

I ſigh, whene'er my muſing Thoughts
Thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I, with Troops of pious Friends,
Thy Temple did frequent:

When I advanc'd, with Songs of Praiſe,
My ſolemn Vows to pay:
And led the joyful ſacred Throng,
That kept the Feſtal Day.

Why reſtleſs? Why caſt down, my Soul?
Truſt God, who will employ
His Aid for Thee; and change theſe Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy!

Pſalm XLII. 6.

By Mr. Merrick.

WHY thus, my Soul, with Care oppreſs'd?
And whence the Woes, that fill my Breaſt?
In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt Hope repoſe:
To *Him* my Thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure Defence, my conſtant Aid.

Thy Mercies, Lord, before my Eyes
Shall yet in ſweet Remembrance riſe:
Tho' Deeps to roaring Deeps aloud
Have call'd; and from the burſting Cloud
Their licens'd Rage the Storms have ſhed,
And heap'd the Billows o'er my Head:

Yet 'midſt the ſtorm, and 'midſt the Wave,
Thy Love the Beams of Comfort gave;
Thy Name to Rapture prompts my Tongue,
My Joy by Day, by Night my Song:
To thee my Soul aſcends in Pray'r,
And in thy Boſom pours its Care.

Why thus, my ſoul, with Care oppreſs'd?
And whence the Woes, that fill my Breaſt?
In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt Hope repoſe:
To *Him* my Thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure Defence, my conſtant Aid.

Pſalm XLIII. 2, &c.

By the ſame.

GOD of my Strength, to Thee I cry!
Say why, my great Preſerver—Why
Excluded from thy Sight I go,
And bend beneath a Weight of Woe?

O, let thy Light attend my Way,
Thy Truth afford its friendly Ray:
To Sion's Mount direct my Feet,
And bring me to thy hallow'd Seat:

Admitted to thine Altar there,
My Hands to *Thee*, in Praiſe, I'll rear;
Whoſe Mercies—to my Heart reveal'd—
A Theme of endleſs Tranſport yield.

Why thus, my Soul, with Care oppreſs'd?
And whence the Woes, that fill my Breaſt?
In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt Truſt repoſe!

Pſalm CVI.

O RENDER Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right: not only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

Extend to me that Favor, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford:
When Thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

O, may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

Pſalm CVII. 1, 9, 20, 31, 32.

TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never ceaſing Praiſe
Attend on his eternal Love.

For He, from Heav'n, the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls, that pants for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

He all their ſad Diſtempers heals;
His Word both Health and Safety gives:
And, when all human Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.

O then! that all the Earth with me,
Would God, for ſuch his Goodneſs, praiſe:
And for the mighty Works, which he
Thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!

Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And, in his own moſt ſacred Courts,
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

Pſalm LXXXVI. 6, 5. and XXXIII. 22.

TO our repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
When Troubles preſs, to Thee we'll call,
And ſolely truſt in Thee.

For Thou art good;—nor only good,
But prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe,
Who for thy Mercy ſue.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh,
On Thee alone depend.

Pſalm CXLI. 2.

STILL let our Sacrifice of Praiſe
Be with Acceptance bleſt:
So ſhall we ſafe, in thy Defence,
Our God, and Saviour reſt.

Inſtead of Off'rings, let our Pray'rs
Like Morning Incenſe riſe:
Our lifted Hands ſupply the Place
Of Ev'ning Sacrifice!

Pſalm LXXIII. 25, &c.

WHOM, Lord, in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
Have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Thro'out the ſpacious Earth there's none,
Whom, beſides *Thee*, I can deſire.

My trembling Fleſh and aching Heart
May often fail to ſuccour me:
But Thou ſhalt inward Strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.

For they, that far from Thee remove,
Shall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Pow'rs they rove,
Thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

But as for me, 'tis good and juſt
That I ſhould ſtill to Thee repair:
In Thee I always put my Truſt,
And will thy wondrous Love declare.

Pſalm XXVII. By Mr. Merrick.

THOU, *Lord*, my Safety, *Thou* my Light,
What Danger ſhall my Soul affright?
Strength of my Life! What Man ſhall dare
To hurt, whom Thou haſt own'd thy Care?

Tho' adverſe Hoſts the Standard rear,
Thy Servant ſhall, without a Fear,
The gathering War around me ſee,
And fix ſecure his Truſt on Thee.

One Wiſh, with holy Tranſport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form:
One Gift I aſk, "That to my End
"Thy ſacred Dome I may attend;"

For Thou within thy hallow'd Shrine
My ſecret Refuge ſhalt aſſign;
And, while the Storms around me beat,
Fix on the Rock my ſtedfaſt Feet.

O, hear me, Lord! on Thee I call,
And proſtrate at thy Footſtool fall:
Propitious in my Cauſe appear,
And bow to my Requeſt thine Ear.

Pſalm XXVII. 8, &c. By the ſame.

" SEEK ye my Face with duteous Care,
" And frequent to my Throne repair"—
Thus to my *Heart* I hear thee ſpeak:
" Thy Face (my Heart replies) I ſeek."

O! Let me, on thine Aid reclin'd,
Thee ſtill my great Salvation find:
Nor leave me, helpleſs and forlorn,
The Abſence of thy Grace to mourn.

When, doom'd the Orphan's Lot to bear,
No Parent's kind Concern I ſhare,
Adopted by thy Care, in Thee
The Parent and the Friend I ſee.

Inſtruct me, Lord, thy Path to know;
And while, with ſecret Art, the Foe
My doubting Steps would turn aſide,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide.

Pſalm CXVI. 1, 8, 9.

MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love
Entirely is poſſeſs'd;
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
The Voice of my Requeſt.

When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My Dangers and my Fears:
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd mine Eyes from Tears.

Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
Which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I, in Praiſes to his Name,
And, in his Service, ſpend.

Pſalm CXVI. 12, 17, 19.

LORD! What Return to Thee ſhall I
For all thy Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe thy Name, and with glad Zeal
The Cup of Bleſſing take.

To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
And, whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
To all thy Saints proclaim.

They in thy ſacred Houſe ſhall meet;
And at thine Altar join,
To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
And mix their Songs with mine.

Pſalm CXVI. 2, &c.

SINCE God has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill, in all the Straits of Life,
To him addreſs my Pray'r.

With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With ſoreſt Pains oppreſs'd;
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aching Heart,
And Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt:

On his Almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd,
"Lord! I beſeech Thee, ſave my Soul,
"With Sorrows quite diſmay'd."

How juſt and merciful is He!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the Helpleſs, and to me
Does timely Aid afford.

Then, free from penſive Cares, my Soul,
Reſume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has graciouſly to thee
His bounteous Love expreſt.

Thou wilt keep him in Peace, whoſe Mind is ſtay'd on Thee. Iſa. xxvi. 3.

Pſalm CXXI. 2.

THOU, O my Soul, ſecurely reſt,
Thy Guardian will not ſleep;
His watchful Care, that *Myriads* guards,
Will *thee* in Safety keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
Thy wonted Peace enjoy;
Nor Sun, nor baneful Star, ſhall thee
By Night or Day annoy.

From common Accidents of Life
His Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes,
That lye in wait to kill.

At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
Thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage;
Safe to thy Journey's End.

The ſame. By Mr. Merrick.

LO! from the Lord my Help deſcends,
To Him I lift mine Eyes:
My Strength on Him alone depends,
Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

He ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my Feet to ſlide;
Nor Sleep nor Slumber ſeals the Eye
Of Him, my Guard and Guide.

He at my Hand, array'd in Might,
His Shield ſhall o'er me ſpread:
Nor Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night,
Shall hurt my favor'd Head.

Safe ſhall I go, and ſafe return,
Whilſt *He* my Life defends,
Whoſe Eyes my ev'ry Step diſcern,
Whoſe Mercy never ends.

Pſalm XLI. 1, 2, 9, 16.

HE, that has *God* his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty Shade
Secure and undiſturb'd abide:
Thus to my Soul, of Him, I'll ſay,
"He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
"My God—in whom I will confide."

His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from each fatal Snare,
And keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways:
He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread:
And cover thy unguarded Head:
In Safety He'll prolong thy Days.

Becauſe, with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
His Bleſſing ſhall thy Paths attend:
And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
Thy long and happy Life is ſpent,
He'll crown with Joy thy Latter-End.

Pſalm LXIII. 1, 3, &c.

O GOD! My gracious God! To Thee
My Morning Pray'r ſhall offer'd be:
To Thee my grateful Voice I'll raiſe:
Since, to my Soul, thy wondrous Love
Than Life itſelf does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In praiſing Thee I will employ;
With lifted Hands adore thy Name:
My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As their's, who dwell in loftieſt State,
While I thy gracious Acts proclaim.

When I lie down, ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind;
And when I wake in Dead of Night:
Becauſe Thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I reſt with Safety and Delight.

Pſalm XXXVII. 3, 5, 13.

DEPEND on God, and Him obey
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger and from Want:
Make his Commands thy chief Delight;
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And He will needful Help afford
To perfect every juſt Deſign:
He'll make, like Light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as the Mid-Day Sun to ſhine.

His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides;
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd; and, e'en in Dearth,
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

Pſalm XXXVII. 23, 37, 39.

THE Good Man's Way is God's Delight:
He orders all the Steps aright
Of Him, who moves by his Command:
Tho' He ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
For God upholds him with his Hand.

Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are;
Their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
While on the latter End of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

God to the Juſt will Aid afford;
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength in Time of Need is He;
Becauſe on Him they ſtill depend,
He will his timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

Pſalm LXXXVI. 5, 3, 1, 6, 16.

THOU, Lord, art good: Nor only good,
But prompt to Pardon too:
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
Who for thy Mercy ſue.

To me who daily Thee invoke,
That Mercy, Lord, extend:
Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
On Thee alone depend.

To my repeated humble Pray'r
Thy gracious Ear incline:
Hear me diſtreſs'd, and deſtitute
Of all Relief but thine.

O bounteous Lord! Thy Grace and Strength,
To me, thy Servant, ſhew:
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
Thy Supplicant beſtow.

Pſalm IV. 6, &c.

WHILE worldly Minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
More laſting and more true
Than their's, who Stores of Corn and Wine
Succeſſively renew.

Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
And take my needful Reſt:
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy Defence poſſeſt.

Verſe 4, 5.

O, ſtand in Awe of God's Commands!
Flee ev'ry Thing that's ill:
Commune in Private with your Hearts,
And bend them to his Will.

The Place of other Sacrifice
Let Righteouſneſs ſupply:
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
On Him alone rely.

Pſalm XCVII. 10, &c. by Mr. Merrick.

YE Souls, with Love divine impreſs'd;
Juſt to it's Precepts, Sin deteſt:
Each Fear deliver'd to the Wind,
In God your certain Refuge find.

To you, ye Good! To you alone!
The Seeds of heav'nly Light are ſown,
That wake within the human Breaſt
Joys, ne'er by human Tongue expreſs'd.

O, crown'd with Mercies from above!
To God your grateful Zeal approve:
His Sanctity revere: His Name
In Hymns of loudeſt Praiſe proclaim.

Pſalm XL. 3, 8. By the ſame.

BLEST! Who in Thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly truſt the Arm of Pride,
And Helps, that but betray!
Thy Mercies, Lord, all Praiſe ſurmount,
Nor Numbers can their Sum recount,
Nor Words their Worth diſplay.

With ſtrong Deſire my Boſom glows
Thy Truth and Mercy to diſcloſe,
In Man's Relief diſplay'd:
O let that *Truth* diſpel my Woe,
That *Mercy*, Lord, around me throw
It's all-protecting Shade.

Pſalm CXXVIII.

By the ſame.

HOW bleſt the Souls, their God who fear,
His Pow'r confeſs, his Law revere!
O happy thou! ordain'd to ſhare
Thy Maker's ever conſtant Care!
Thou privileg'd from Want ſhalt ſtand,
And eat the Labour of thy Hand.

The Object of thy wedded Love
Prolific as the Vine ſhall prove:
While, as the Olive-Branches fair,
Around thy Board thy Infant-Care
Shall crowd, and bid thy Heart o'erflow
With Joys, that only Parents know.

Hail, favour'd Man! From Sion's Tow'r
Thy God on Thee his Gifts ſhall ſhow'r:
Thou, thankful, to thy lateſt Day
Shalt Sion's proſp'ring State ſurvey—
See Peace her healing Wings expand
O'er Britain's Heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd Land.

Pſalm CXXVIII. and CXXVII. 3.

THE Man is bleſt, who fears the Lord,
Nor only Worſhip pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
To his appointed Ways.

He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
Of his own Labour feed:
Without Dependence live; and ſee
His Wiſhes all ſucceed.

Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
God on his Saints beſtows:
He crowns their Labors with Succeſs,
Their Nights with ſound Repoſe.

Pſalm CVII. 1, 18, 19. By Mr. Merrick.

TO God above from all below,
Let Hymns of Praiſe aſcend;
Whoſe Bleſſings unexhauſted flow,
Whoſe Mercy knows no End.

Let *All* with Praiſes bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy All may prove;
And pleas'd from Age to Age proclaim
The Wonders of his Love:

That Love, whoſe Gifts, with thankful Hearts,
The Sons of Want divide:
And find their ev'ry Grief redreſs'd,
Their ev'ry Want ſupply d.

Pſalm CXLV. 17, 18, 19, 14, 16.

HOW holy is the Lord! how juſt!
How righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who, with firm Truſt,
For his Aſſiſtance prays!

He grants the full Deſires of thoſe,
Who him with Fear adore;
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
When they his Aid implore.

His Mercy them ſupports that fall,
And makes the Proſtrate riſe:
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
Who timely Food ſupplies.

Whate'er their various Wants require,
With open Hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
Of every Thing that lives.

Pſalm CXLV. 1, 8, 9, 7.

THEE I will bleſs, my God and King!
Thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim:
This Tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bleſs thy Name.

Thou, Lord, art good; freſh Acts of Grace
Thy Pity ſtill ſupplies;
Thine Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace;
Thy willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends it's Fame,
In all thy *Works* expreſt:
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe; whilſt thy great Name
Is by thy *Servants* bleſt:

The Praiſe, that to thy Love belongs,
They ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy *Truth*, of all their grateful Songs
Shall be the conſtant Theme.

The ſame. By Mr. Merrick.

THEE will I bleſs, my God and King,
Nor ceaſe thy wondrous Acts to ſing:
From earlieſt Morn to lateſt Eve,
Thy Praiſes on my Tongue ſhall live.

Thee good and kind ſhall Mortals own;
To Anger ſlow, to Pity prone:
Far as Creation's Bounds extend,
Thy Mercies, heav'nly Lord, deſcend.

One Chorus of perpetual Praiſe,
To Thee, thy various Works ſhall raiſe!
Thy Saints to Thee, in Hymns, impart
The Tranſports of a grateful Heart.

From Thee, great God, while ev'ry Eye
Expectant waits the wiſh'd ſupply,
Their Bread, proportion'd to the Day,
Thy op'ning Hands to each convey.

Who aſk thine Aid with Heart ſincere,
Thee, ever gracious, ever near,
Shall own, to *Thee*, in each Diſtreſs,
Their Pray'r with ſureſt Hopes addreſs.

Pſalm XXXIV. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8.

By the ſame.

THEE will I thank, and, Day by Day,
Form to thy Praiſe the joyful Lay;
From Morn to Eve the Song extend:
Thee boaſt, my Father; Thee, my Friend.

O come! your Voice triumphant raiſe;
And ſing with Me your Maker's Praiſe:
Praiſe Him, whoſe ever-open Ear,
With juſt Regard, your Pray'rs ſhall hear.

Behold a Heart with Woes oppreſs'd;
Behold (its Vows to God addreſs'd)
His Hand its balmy Power diſplay,
And chaſe each Cloud of Grief away!

He's ever watchful, ever near,
The meek and contrite Soul to chear:
O, taſte with me—O taſte, and prove
The Bleſſings of his boundleſs Love.

Hail, Saviour of the human Race!
Hail, Fountain of exhauſtleſs Grace!
Thrice happy! who on Thee recline!
Nor own, nor aſk, a Help but thine!

Pſalm XXXIV. 1, 2, 8, 9.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My Heart and Tongue employ.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
'Till all, that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to Reſt.

O, make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſt are they, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

Fear Him, ye Saints, and ye will then
Have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants ſhall be his Care.

Pſalm XXIII.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be my Guide:
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care,
My Wants are all ſupplied.

In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
Refreſhing Water flows.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
And, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct, with humble Zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous Ways.

I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
From Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wond'rous Love
Thro' all my Life extend,
That Life to Him I will devote,
And in his Temple ſpend.

A Paſtoral Hymn.

By Mr. Addiſon.

THE Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye:
My Noon-Day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſcape flow.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread;
My ſteadfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly Hand ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Green and Herbage crown'd;
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

Pſalm XXV. 10, 9, 8, 1.

THRO' all the Ways of God
Both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch, as with religious Hearts
To his bleſt Will incline.

He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
Who his Directions ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
The Humble and the Meek.

His Mercy and his Truth
He graciouſly diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
And teaching them his Ways.

To *Him*, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice:
"O, let me not be put to Shame,
"Nor let my Foes rejoice."

Pſalm XXV. 11, 6, 4, 7.

The ſecond Part.

SINCE Mercy is the Grace
That moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord!
And ſo advance thy Name.

Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
As Thou wert ever, kind.

To me thy Truth impart,
And lead me in thy Way;
For Thou art He, that brings me Help;
On Thee I wait all Day.

Let all my youthful Crimes
Be blotted out by Thee:
And, for thy wondrous Goodneſs Sake,
In Mercy think on me.

Pſalm LI. 1, 9, 2, 4, 16, 17.

HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſs'd with Loads of guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

Blot out my crying Sin,
Nor me in Anger view:
Create in me an Heart that's clean:
An upright Mind renew.

Waſh off my foul Offence,
And cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
How great my Guilt has been.

Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
Muſt own thy Judgment right.

Could Sacrifice atone,
Whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
To caſt a gracious Eye.

A broken Spirit is
By God moſt highly priz'd;
By Him a broken contrite Heart
Shall never be deſpis'd.

Pſalm LI. 5, 6, 11, 12, 8.

IN Guilt each Part was form'd
Of all this ſinful Frame:
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The Heir of Sin and Shame.

Yet Thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
Does inward Truth require,
In Secret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws
My tender Soul inſpire.

Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
Nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
It's everlaſting Flight:

The Joy thy Favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul ſuſtain!

Make me to hear once more
Thy kind forgiving Voice:
That ſo my Heart, from Sin releas'd,
May in thy Strength rejoice.

Pſalm CXLIII. 1, 2, 11, 8.

LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thine accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
A gracious Anſwer ſend:

Nor to thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
Thy Servant to be try'd;
For, in thy Sight, no living Man
Can e'er be juſtify'd.

O, for the Sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's Sake, to me diſtreſs'd
Thy promis'd Aid impart.

Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
Whoſe Truſt on Thee depends:
Teach me the Way that I ſhould go:
My Soul to Thee aſcends.

Pſalm LXXVII. 1, 7, &c.

TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
Did graciouſly repair:
In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought,
My God with humble Pray'r.

" Has God for ever caſt me off?
" Withdrawn his Favor quite?
" Are both his Mercy and his Truth
" Retir'd to endleſs Night?

" Can his long practis'd Love forget
" It's wonted Aids to bring?
" Has He, in Wrath, ſhut up and ſeal'd
" His Mercy's healing Spring?

I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears;
But I'll thoſe Fears diſband:
Will yet remember the Moſt-High,
And Years of his Right Hand!

I'll call to Mind his former Acts,
His Mercies, and his Might;
On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
My Tongue ſhall them recite.

Pſalm XXXII. 1, 2, 5, 6.

HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear;
Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe Repentance is ſincere.

While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones conſum'd without Relief;
Unpity'd, I the Anguiſh bore,
And no Complaints aſſuag'd my Grief.

No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,—
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,—
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek Thee, while Thou may'ſt be found;
They, by thy Grace, from Sorrow freed,
Shall be with Joys immortal crown'd.

The ſame. By Mr. Merrick.

HOW bleſt the Man, whoſe conſcious Grief
From Thee, great God! has found Relief:
Whoſe Guilt thy boundleſs *Love* has veil'd,
His Fears compos'd, his Weakneſs heal'd!

My humble Soul it's Crimes ſhall own:—
Behold me bow before thy Throne,
To Thee my inmoſt Guilt diſcloſe,
And in thy Boſom pour my Woes.

But lo!—while yet my Hands I rear—
The Voice of Mercy to my Ear
Deſcends, and, whiſp'ring Peace within,
Confirms the Pardon of my Sin!

For this ſhall All, who Thee adore,
E'er yet the Day of Grace be o'er,
To Thee with ſtedfaſt Hope repair,
To Thee prefer th' unwearied Pray'r,

Pſalm XCIV. 12, &c.

BLEST is the Man, whom thou, O Lord,
In Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And, by thy ſacred Rules to walk,
Moſt lovingly adviſe.—

This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
In Seaſons of Diſtreſs;
Whilſt hopeleſs Sorrows *thoſe* await,
Who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

For God will never from his Saints,
His Favour wholly take:
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot
He will not quite forſake.

His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
His Favor no Decay:
Our Night of Grief is recompens'd
With Joy's returning Day—

The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt
In all that Thou haſt done:
And they, who chooſe thy upright Ways,
Shall in thoſe Ways go on.

The ſame. By Mr. Merrick.

O, BLEST the Man! for ever bleſt!
Whoſe faithful Heart, by Thee im-[preſs'd,
Eternal Teacher! from thy Laws,
The Leſſons of his Conduct draws:

Who, ſhelter'd from the evil Day,
It's diſtant Dangers ſhall ſurvey;
And wait 'till Thou the Pit prepare
For each, whoſe Crimes thy Vengeance dare!

Ne'er, from the Children of his Love,
Shall Heav'n's high Lord his Care remove:
Each Heart, to Virtue's Cauſe a Friend,
A conſcious Tranſport ſhall attend.

While deepeſt Woes my Boſom tries,
And Thoughts with Thoughts conflicting riſe,
Thy Comforts, Lord, my Soul ſuſtain,
And calm my Fears, and ſooth my Pain.

Pſalm V. 3, 7.

THOU in the Morn my Voice ſhall hear,
And with the dawning Day,
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
To thy bleſt Courts reſtore,
On Thee, I'll fix my longing Eyes,
And humbly there adore.

Pſalm XCI.

By Mr. Merrick.

WHO makes Omnipotence his Aid;
Who reſts beneath Jehovah's Shade,
And joyful cries, "My God! in Thee
"My Fortreſs, and my Hope I ſee;
"And ſtedfaſt on thy Arm divine,
"My Truſt in each Diſtreſs recline.

How bleſt that Man!—Thy Maker's Care
Shall ſnatch Thee from the Hunter's Snare:
When ſick'ning Nature's Pow'rs ſhall fail,
No fatal Stroke ſhall Thee aſſail:
His Wings around Thee ſhall He ſpread,
His Pinions guard thy favour'd Head.

His Truth thy Shield; Nor Terror pale,
By Night ſhall o'er thy Soul prevail:
Nor Shaft, that aims its Flight by Day,
Thy guiltleſs Boſom ſhall diſmay:
No Dart ſhall thy Deſtruction dare,
Or wound, whom God has bid to ſpare.

Thy duteous Zeal, thy filial Love
He marks; and will thy Acts approve;
Thy Fears avert; thy Griefs attend;
(Thy God, thy Guardian and thy Friend)
Thy Years prolong; and to thy Heart
His Health-diſpenſing Grace impart.

Pſalm CXXX. 5, 3, 7, 8.

OUR Souls with Patience wait
For Thee, the living Lord:
Our Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
Thy never-failing Word.

Should'ſt Thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'ſt; leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

Ye Faithful! truſt in God;
No Bounds his Mercy knows:
The plenteous Source, and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows:

Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey:
A healing Spring; a Spring to cleanſe,
And waſh our Guilt away!

Pſalm LXII. 1, 7, 8, 5.

MY Soul for help on God relies:
From Him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes,

God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Mercies daily ſend:
He is my Fortreſs and Defence;
On Him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.

In Him, ye Faithful, always truſt;
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts:
For He, the merciful and juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

And thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On Him alone thy Truſt repoſe:
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

Pſalm CXXXV. 2.

PRAISE God, all ye that in his Houſe
Attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe, who to his utmoſt Courts
With humble Zeal repair.

Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
And bleſs his holy Name!
From Sion bleſs thy People, Lord,
Who Earth and Heav'n didſt frame.

Pſalm XXXVII. 4, 7, 11, 17, 23, 24.

By Mr. Merrick.

IN God delight; on God depend;
Him chooſe thy Guide, thy Way, thy End;
So ſhall his *Love* thy Wiſhes grant,
His *Care* anticipate thy Want.

With patient Hope await his Will;
Nor let the Sight of proſp'rous Ill
Induce thee, with Diſquiet vain,
His wiſe Diſpoſals to arraign.

For, ſee the meek and pious Band
(Advanc'd by God's Almighty Hand)
Earth's Bounds poſſeſs, and (Peace their Care)
The Fulneſs of its Bleſſings ſhare.

That God, ye Saints, whoſe Love ye ſeek,
The Arm of lawleſs Pow'r ſhall break;
And bid the Juſt protected ſtand
Beneath the Shadow of his Hand.

The Juſt (bleſt Object of thy Love!)
Thou, *Lord*, wilt lead; his Path approve;
Thy faithful Hands his Steps ſuſtain;
Nor falls He—but to riſe again.

Pſalm CXII. 4, 6, 7. XXXVII. and XLVI.

THE Soul, that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground:
On Safety's Rock he ſtands, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

Tho' Earth were from her Centre toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart, that, fix'd, on *God* relies.

Becauſe on *Him* his Hope depends,
Whoſe friendly Arm the Juſt defends,
God will his timely Aid afford:
His ſure Protector is the Lord.

Pſalm LXXXIV. By Mr. Merrick.

HOW ſweet thy Dwellings, Lord! how fair!
What Peace, what Bliſs inhabit there!
With ardent Hope, with ſtrong Deſire,
My Heart and Fleſh to Thee aſpire:
I long to tread thy Courts; and Thee,
My God, the living God, to ſee!

Eternal King! within thy Dome
The *Sparrow* finds her peaceful Home:
With her the *Dove*, a licens'd Gueſt,
Aſſiduous tends her Infant-Neſt;
And to thine Altar's ſure Defence,
Commits th' unfeather'd Innocence.

Bleſt! who, like theſe, from Day to Day
Within thy Houſe permitted ſtay;
Whoſe joyous Tongue thy Mercies raiſe
To Hymns of Gratitude and Praiſe:
Bleſt! who in Confidence of Pray'r
To Thee, great God, reſign their Care!

O Thou, whom Heav'n's high Hoſts re-
God of our Fathers, bow thine Ear! [vere,
Look down, our only Hope! Look down!
Behold us (but without a Frown)
And let thy Beams, in *Mercy* ſhed,
Stream copious on each faithful Head.

After a Thunder Storm.

TO God's great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
Devoutly due Reſpect afford:
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
Where He's with ſolemn State ador'd.

'Tis He, that with amazing Noiſe
The wat'ry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice
When He from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.

Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal
His awful Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with Heaps of Hail,
And Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

The Deep it's ſecret Stores diſclos'd:
The World's Foundations naked lay,
By his tremendous Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

God rules the angry Floods on High;
His boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe;
On Him, ye People, ſtill rely,—
And keep your Souls in perfect Peace.

Pſ. xxix. 2, 3, 10, and Pſ. xviii. 13, 15.

Pſalm LXX. By Mr. Merrick.

HASTE to my Aid, my Saviour, haſte!
My Soul, by hoſtile Numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs it's Pray'r:
In wild Confuſion backward borne
Their Wiſh *defeated* let them mourn,
And *loſt* in empty Air.

Be Shame their juſt Reward aſſign'd,
While round me, with relentleſs Mind,
Inſulting Shouts they raiſe:
Thy Bliſs let All, who ſeek Thee, ſhare;
And taught thy Love, that Love declare
In Songs of ceaſeleſs Praiſe.

While *Theſe* in thy Salvation joy,
Increaſing Griefs my Thoughts employ,
And ſpeedieſt Aid demand:
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, inſtant in my Cauſe appear,
And reach thy ſaving Hand.

Pſalm VI. 1, 2, 3. and XIII. 4, 5.

By Mr. Merrick.

O, SPARE me, Lord; nor o'er my Head
The Fulneſs of thy Vengeance ſhed!
With pitying Eye my Weakneſs view;
Heal my vex'd Soul: my Strength renew!

And, O! If yet my Sins demand
The wiſe Corrections of thy Hand,
Yet, give my Pains their Bounds to know;
And fix a Period to my Woe!

Thy Suppliant's Voice attentive weigh;
And bid, O bid thy heav'nly Ray
With healing Influence o'er me riſe,
Ere Death's dark Slumber cloſe my Eyes.

E'en while Affliction's Weight I bear,
Thy Mercy, Lord, diſpels my Fear:
My Hopes on thy Salvation reſt,
And fill with conſcious Joy my Breaſt.

Pſalm V. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 12.

By the ſame.

THE *Words*, that from my Lips proceed,
My *Thoughts*—(for Thou thoſe Thoughts
can'ſt read)
My God, my King, attentive weigh;
And hear, O hear me, when I pray!
With earlieſt Zeal, with wakeful Care,
To Thee my Soul ſhall pour it's Pray'r.

For I, whoſe Hope thy *Love* ſupports—
(How *great* that Love!) will tread thy Courts;
My Knees in lowlieſt Rev'rence bend,
And tow'rds thy Shrine my Hands extend.
Do Thou, juſt God, my Path prepare,
And guard me from each hoſtile Snare.

May all, whoſe Truſt on Thee is plac'd,
Peace and Delight perpetual taſte:
Sav'd by thy Care, in Songs of Joy
Their ever-grateful Voice employ:
And ſhare the Gifts on thoſe beſtow'd,
Who love the Name of Thee, my God!

They that know thy Name, will put their Truſt in Thee. For Thou, Lord, haſt never failed them that ſeek Thee. Pſ. ix. 10.

Pſalm XVII.

SINCE, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To Thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O now, my God, incline thine Ear,
And favor my Requeſt.

The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
In my Defence engage;
Thou! whoſe Right-Hand preſerves the Juſt
From their Oppreſſor's Rage.

O, keep me in thy tend'reſt Care!
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out—
To guard me ſafe from hoſtile Pow'rs,
That compaſs me about.

And, that I may in Spite of Wrongs,
My Innocence ſecure;
O, guide me in thy righteous Ways,
And make my Footſteps ſure.

Pſalm LVI. 4, 10, &c.

GOD's faithful Promiſe let me praiſe,
On which I ſtill rely:
In God I truſt; and, truſting Him,
The Arm of Fleſh defy.

I'll truſt thy Word—and ſo deſpiſe
The Force, that Man can raiſe:
To Thee, O God, my Vows are due;
To Thee I'll render Praiſe.

Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
And Thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life, Thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd;
And make my Footſteps ſure.

That, thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy;
And in the Service of my God
My lengthen'd Days employ.

On our Mortality.

An Hymn; collected from the Pſalms.

WHAT Man is He, who can controul
Death's ſtrict, unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave, that muſt Mankind intomb?

The Life of Man does quickly fade
His Thoughts but empty are, and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

But God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay:
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flow'rs muſt fade away:—

Whilſt *they* are nipt with ſudden Blaſts—
(Nor can we find their former Place)
God's faithful Mercy ever laſts
To thoſe who fear him, and their Race.

Pſ. lxxxix. 48. Pſ. cxliv. 4. Pſ. ciii. 14.
ciii. 16.

Pſalm XC. 10, 11, 14. and Pſalm XXX. 10.

OUR Term of Life is Seventy Years,—
An Age that few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common Strength,
To Eighty we arrive;

Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
To Sorrow turn'd and Pain:
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
And We no more remain.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
Of our ſhort Days to mind,
That, to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

To ſatisfy and chear our Souls
Thy early Mercy ſend,
That we may all our Days to come
In Joy and Comfort ſpend.

Hear us, O Lord! in Mercy hear!
Thy wonted Aid extend!
Do Thou ſend Help, on Whom alone
We can for Help depend.

Pſalm XC. 11, 9, 13, 14, 15.

SO teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
Of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

Beneath thine Anger's ſad Effects
Our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
Like Tales, that quickly end!

O, to thy Servants, Lord, return,
And ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do Thou
Of our juſt Doom repent.

To ſatisfy and chear our Souls
Thine early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come
In Joy and Comfort ſpend.

Let happy Times with large Amends
Dry up our former Tears;
Or equal, at the leaſt, the Term
Of our afflicted Years.

Pſalm XXXIX. 4, &c.

LORD, let me know my Term of Days,
How ſoon my Life ſhall end:
The numerous Train of Ills diſcloſe,
Which this frail State attend.

My Life, thou know'ſt is but a Span,
A Cypher ſums my Years:
And ev'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
But Vanity appears.

Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd:
He heaps up Wealth, and cannot tell,
By whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
With anxious Care attend!
On Thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Pſalm XC. 11, 9, 13, 14, 15.

SO teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
Of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

Beneath thine Anger's ſad Effects
Our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
Like Tales, that quickly end!

O, to thy Servants, Lord, return,
And ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do Thou
Of our juſt Doom repent.

To ſatisfy and chear our Souls
Thine early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come
In Joy and Comfort ſpend.

Let happy Times with large Amends
Dry up our former Tears;
Or equal, at the leaſt, the Term
Of our afflicted Years.

Pſalm XXXIX. 4, &c.

LORD, let me know my Term of Days,
How ſoon my Life ſhall end:
The numerous Train of Ills diſcloſe,
Which this frail State attend.

My Life, thou know'ſt is but a Span,
A Cypher ſums my Years:
And ev'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
But Vanity appears.

Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd:
He heaps up Wealth, and cannot tell,
By whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
With anxious Care attend!
On Thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Pſalm XXXIX. 4, 5, 10, 12, 13.

By Mr. Merrick.

O, Let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
My View to Life's approaching End,
And, leſſon'd by thy Wiſdom, learn
How ſoon to Earth I ſhall return!

What are my Days? (a Span their Line;)
And what my Age compar'd with thine?
Swift thro an empty Shade we run:
And Vanity and Man are one.

But O, in thine appointed Hour
Withdraw thy Wrath; leſt Nature's Pow'r,
While Griefs on Griefs my Heart aſſail,
Unequal to the Conflict, fail.

To Thee, great God, my Knees I bend,
To Thee my ceaſeleſs Pray'rs aſcend:
O, let my Sorrows reach thine Ears,
And mark my Sighs, my Groans, my Tears.

O ſpare me, Lord, awhile!—O ſpare!
And Nature's ruin'd State repair,
Ere (Life's ſhort Circuit wander'd o'er)
I periſh, and am ſeen no more.

Pſalm XXXI. 5, 15, 4, 14.

TO Thee, Thou God of Truth,
My Life and all that's mine
(For Thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth)
I willingly reſign.

Whate'er Events betide,
Thy Wiſdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
From thoſe who ſeek my Fall.

Releaſe me from the Snare,
Which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God, my Strength, repair
To Thee alone for Aid.

My ſtedfaſt Hope and Truſt
On Thee I ſtill repoſe:
That Thou, my God, art good and juſt,
My Soul with Comfort knows.

Pſalm LXVII.

TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
In Mercy, Lord, incline:
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
On all thy Saints to ſhine.

That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
May thro' the World be known;
While diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join,
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

Then God upon our Land,
Shall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the World ſhall ſtand in Awe
Of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

Then ſhall the teeming Ground
A large Increaſe diſcloſe:
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, beſtows.

An Hymn.

From the Pſalms.

OUR Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land,
Where God is truly known;
Where Light divine has clearly ſhin'd,
And Freedom fix'd her Throne.

In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
Our happy Portion lies;
The Realm, for our Abode aſſign'd,
All other Lands outvies.

Here Mercy with fair Truth is join'd,
And Righteouſneſs with Peace:
Theſe, like Companions parted long,
With friendly Arms embrace.

Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt Heav'n
Shall Streams of Juſtice pour:
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
Shall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.

Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe Bleſſings thus abound;
Who, living in the Fear of God,
Are with his Favor crown'd.

Pſ. xvi. 5, 6. lxxxv. 10, 11, cxliv. 15.

Seek the Peace of the City wherein ye dwell; and pray unto the Lord for it: For in the Peace thereof ſhall Ye have Peace. Jer. xxix. 7.

Pſalm CXXII. 6.

O, PRAY we then for Britain's Peace!
And may They proſp'rous be,
Thou favor'd Land of Liberty,
Who bear true Love to thee!

May Peace within thy ſacred Walls,
A conſtant Gueſt be found;
With Plenty and Proſperity
Thy grateful Sons be crown'd.

For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends
No leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray—" May Peace within thy Bounds
" A conſtant Gueſt appear!"

But moſt of all, I'll ſeek thy Good,
And ever wiſh Thee well,
For Sion, and the Temple's Sake,
Where God delights to dwell.

Pſalm CXXII. 1, 4, 6, 7.

By Mr. Merrick.

THE feſtal Morn, great God, is come,
That calls us to thy honour'd Dome,
Thy Preſence to adore:
The joyful Summons we attend,
With willing Steps thy Courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd Floor.

Hither, protected by thy Care,
Britannia's grateful Sons repair;
Their Off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to atteſt their Joy,
In Hymns of Praiſe their Tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

Be Peace, by Each, implor'd on Thee,
O *Britain!* while with bended Knee
To Heav'n's high Lord we pray:
How bleſt! who calls himſelf thy Friend!
Succeſs his Labour ſhall attend,
And Safety guard his Way.

O, may'ſt Thou, free from hoſtile Fear,
Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,
Nor War's wild Waſtes deplore!
May Plenty in Thee take her ſtand;
And thro' thy Coaſts with laviſh Hand
Diſtribute all her Store.

Pſalm XXVIII. 6. By Mr. Merrick.

GOD, my Strength! to Thee I pray;
Turn not Thou thy Face away!
Gracious to my Vows attend,
While the humble Knee I bend!

Thou!—Whoſe Arm is o'er us ſpread,
Prompt to guard th' anointed Head,
Save thy People from Diſtreſs,
And thy Patrimony bleſs!

Give them, Lord, thy Love to ſhare;
Feed them with a Shepherd's Care:
And their Pow'r, to lateſt Days,
O'er their Foes triumphant raiſe!—

Let me (for with pitying Ear
Thou my Pray'r haſt deign'd to hear)
Let me Thanks perpetual yield:
Thou my Strength, and Thou my Shield.

On thy long-experienc'd Aid,
See my Hope for ever ſtay'd!
Let me Thanks perpetual yield:
Thou my Strength, and thou my Shield.

Verſe 1, 2, 8, 9, 6, 7.

Pſalm XXV. 57, &c.

By the ſame.

O, TURN Thee, Lord! in Pity turn!
Behold me helpleſs and forlorn:
See! various Griefs my Heart oppreſs!
My Wants ſupply; my Wrongs redreſs.

Stretch to my Aid the Arm of Pow'r,
And guard me in the dang'rous Hour;
Nor let my Soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Its Sorrows utter to the Wind.

Let Truth and ſpotleſs Innocence
Their Succours to my Heart diſpenſe:
O, let me thine Attention win;
And ſeal the Pardon of my Sin!

Indulgent to my Pray'r—with *mine*
My Country's wiſh'd Deliv'rance join:
God of my Hope! thy Love diſcloſe;
And heal, O heal, thy People's Woes.

Pſalm XLVI.

GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Troubles preſs;
In Him undaunted we'll confide:
Tho' Earth were from her Centre toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The Cities of our Land ſhall fill;
The favor'd Land of God moſt high:
Fear not, O happy Iſle! thy Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs,
Whilſt his Almighty Aid is nigh.

Submit to God's unbounded Sway;
For *Him* the Nations ſhall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs:
The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our *Fathers* in Diſtreſs.

Truſt ye in the Lord for ever: For in the Lord JEHOVAH *is everlaſting Strength.* Iſ. xxvi. 4.

Pſalm XLIV.

O GOD, our Fathers oft have told
In our attentive Ears,
The Wonders in their Days perform'd
And elder Times than their's:

For, not their Courage, nor their Sword,
To them Deliv'rance gave;
Nor Strength, that, from unequal Force
Their fainting Troops could ſave:

But thy Right-Hand and pow'rful Arm,
Whoſe Succour they implor'd;
Thy *Preſence* with the choſen Race,
Who thy great Name ador'd!

As Thee, their God, our Fathers own'd,
Thou art *our* Sov'reign King:
O, therefore, as Thou didſt to *them*,
To *us* Deliv'rance bring.

* Still ſave thy People, and proceed
Thine Heritage to bleſs:
With Plenty proſper us in Peace,
In Battle with Succeſs.

* Pſ. xxviii. 9.

Pſalm LXXXI. 13, &c.

O, THAT my People wiſely would
God's juſt Commandments heed!
And Britons in his righteous Ways
With pious Care proceed!

Then ſhould his heavy Judgments fall
On all, that them oppoſe;
And his avenging Hand be turn'd
Againſt their num'rous Foes.

Our reſtleſs Enemies ſhould, all,
Before his Footſtool bend:
But as for *us*, our happy State
Should never have an End.

All Parts with Plenty would abound;
With fineſt Wheat the Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe our Taſte,
Should richeſt Honey yield.

Pſalm LXXXV. 4, &c.

O GOD, our Saviour! All our Hearts
To thy Obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting Tears,
Thy Wrath no more may burn.

For, why ſhould'ſt Thou be angry ſtill?
And Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord; and let our Souls
Thy Grace and Comfort gain.

Thy gracious Favor, Lord, diſplay,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wondrous Mercies' Sake,
Thy wonted Aid afford.

God's Anſwer patiently we'll wait;
For He, with glad Succeſs,
(If we no more to Folly turn)
Our humble Pray'rs will bleſs.

To all, that fear his holy Name,
His ſure Salvation's near:
And in it's former happy State
Our Nation ſhall appear.

Pſalm LXXXIV. 9, 8. and LXXXVI. 16, 17.

BEHOLD, O God! for Thou alone
Canſt timely Aid diſpenſe;
On thine afflicted People look;
Be Thou our ſtrong Defence.

O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
To us, thy Servants, ſhew:
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on us,
Thy Supplicants, beſtow.

Some Signal give, which our proud Foes
May ſee with Shame and Rage,
When Thou, O Lord, for our Relief
And Comfort, doſt engage.

O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
Our juſt Requeſt regard!
Thou God of Mercy! let our Pray'r
Be ſtill with Favor heard.

Pſalm XXVI. 13, 1, 14, 15, 17, 16.

TO Thee, O Lord, I will repair,
For Help, with fervent humble Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store,
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

Save, me, O God, from Waves that roll,
And threaten to o'erwhelm my Soul!
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.

Controul the Deluge ere it ſpread,
And roll it's Waves above my Head;
Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;
Haſte Thee; for deſp'rate is my Caſe.

Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcendent Goodneſs' Sake:
Relieve thy Supplicant, once more,
From thine abundant Mercy's Store.

Pſalm XCIV. 20, 21, 22, 14, 15.

WILT Thou, who art the God moſt juſt,
Their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make thy Law a fair Pretence
Their wicked Ends to gain?

Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
They form their cloſe Deſign;
The Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
In ſolemn League combine.

But my Defence is ſurely fix'd
In thee, O Lord, moſt high;
Thou art my Rock, to which I may
For Refuge always fly:

For Thou wilt never from thy Saints
Thy Favour wholly take:
Thine own Poſſeſſion, and thy Lot,
Thou wilt not quite forſake.

The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt
In all that Thou haſt done!
And they, who chooſe thy upright Ways,
Shall in thoſe Ways go on.

Pſalm CVI. 47, 48. By Mr. Merrick.

O, STILL our Father; ſtill our Friend;
To Britain's Woes, great God, attend!
From diſtant Climes, and hoſtile Lands,
Collect once more our ſcatter'd Bands;

That Sion, with delighted Ear,
The hallow'd Strains again may hear:
Thy *Name*, the Subject of each Song;
Thy Praiſe, the Boaſt of ev'ry Tongue.

O! thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,
The God, by Britain's Sons ador'd:
(His Fame, ere Time it's Courſe began,
O'er Heav'n's wide Region echoing ran.)

To *Him*, thro' endleſs Ages, raiſe
One Song of oft-repeated Praiſe!
And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs, with Us, the Pow'r divine.

Pſalm XVIII. 46. and XL. 5.

LET th' eternal God be prais'd;
The Rock, on whoſe Defence we reſt:
To higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
And with loud Hallelujahs bleſs'd.

Our univerſal Saſeguard *He*,
Who ſav'd us from relentleſs Foes:
He made us great; He made us free:
From Him our ev'ry Bleſſing flows.

Who can the wondrous Works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.

Pſalm LXVIII. 28, 3.

THUS, God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that bleſt Hour:
This Work which Thou, O God, haſt wrought,
Confirm, with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.

And, let the Servants of thy Will
Thy Favor's gentle Beams enjoy:
Their grateful Hearts let Gladneſs fill;
And Songs of Praiſe their Hours employ.

Pſalm CXVIII. 1, 10, 13, 14, 29.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favors ever laſt,
Let grateful Britons ſay.

Tho' many Nations, cloſely leagu'd,
Long Time beſet us round;
Yet, by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
We did their Strength confound.

When All united preſs'd us hard,
In Hopes to make us fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take our Part,
And ſav'd us from them all.

The Honor of our ſtrange Eſcape,
To Him alone belongs:
He is our Saviour and our Strength;
He only claims our Songs.

O let us, then, give Thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
Be endleſs, as his Love.

Pſalm CXXVI.

WHEN God did Britain's Sons recall
From long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream
Of what we wiſh'd to ſee.

But ſoon, in unaccuſtom'd Mirth
We did our Voice employ;
And ſung our great Redeemer's Praiſe,
In grateful Hymns of Joy.

Our num'rous Foes repining ſtood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work,
Which God for us had done.

"'Twas great," ſaid *They*—"'Twas wondrous
"great,"
Much more ſhould *We* confeſs:
Our God has done great Things—of which
We reap the glad Succeſs.

May *We* (whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears)
Still ſee our Labours thrive,
And finiſh'd with Succeſs;—to make
Our drooping Hearts revive!

Pſalm CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord—may Britons ſay—
Been pleas'd to interpoſe;
Had *He* not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
When Men againſt us roſe:

Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite, and Pride's united Floods,
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

But prais'd be the eternal God,
Who reſcu'd us that Day;
Nor, to their ſavage Jaws, gave up
Our threaten'd Lives a Prey.

Our Soul is, like a Bird, eſcap'd
From out the Fowler's Net:
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſs'd,
And we at Freedom ſet.

Secure, in his Almighty Name
Our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
Of both ſole Monarch reigns.

Pſalm IX.

TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
Thy wondrous Works declare:

The Thoughts of them ſhall to my Soul
Exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O Thou moſt High,
Triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

God is a conſtant, ſure Defence
Againſt oppreſſing Rage:
As Troubles riſe, his timely Aids
In our Behalf engage.

All thoſe, who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
Will in his Truth confide,
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man,
That on his Help rely'd.

Sing Praiſes, therefore, to his Name,
From Sion, his Abode:
Proclaim his Deeds, 'till all the World
Confeſs no other God.

An Hymn.

FORTH, to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Huſbandman ſecurely goes;
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.

He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay:
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed, or Stock, decay.

His Garners fill'd with various Store,
The Hungry ſhall with Plenty feed:
His Sheep, increaſing more and more,
Shall Thouſands and Ten Thouſands breed.

Strong ſhall the lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint:
Whilſt *We* no War nor Slavery know,
And in our Streets hear no complaint.

Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound:
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd!

Pſ. civ. 23. Pſ. cvii. 37. Pſ. cxliv. 13, 14, 15.

Pſalm XXVIII. 24, 16, 19, 20, 29.

THIS Day is God's: Let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice:
" Lord, we beſeech Thee, ſave us now;
" And make us ſtill rejoice.

" Thou, by thine own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
" Hath endleſs Honors won:
" The ſaving Strength of thy Right-Hand
" Amazing Works has done."

Then open wide thy Temple Gates,
To which the Juſt repair:
That we may enter in, and praiſe
Our great Deliv'rer there.

" Within thoſe Gates of thine Abode,
" To which the Righteous preſs,
" Since Thou haſt heard, and ſet us ſafe,
" Thy holy Name we'll bleſs."

O let us, then, give Thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove:
And, let the Tribute of our Praiſe
Be endleſs, as his Love.

Short Portions of the CVIIth Pſalm.

For the Holidays in Chriſtmas, &c.

O! that the Tribes of Earth, with me,
Would God for all his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works, which He
Thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!

With Off'rings let his Altars flame,
While they their grateful Thanks expreſs;
And, with loud Joy, his holy Name,
For all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

Let all the Human Race, with me,
Our God for all his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works, which He
Thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays.

Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name;
And, daily in his hallow'd Courts,
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim.

The Lord, from Heav'n, the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views:
To hungry Souls, that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

O, then, that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works, which He
Thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!

Pſalm LXXXIX. 15, &c.

HAPPY, thrice happy They, who hear
The ſacred Organ's joyful Sound!
Who may at Feſtivals appear,
With thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd!

Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.

For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
Whoſe Triumphs from thy Favor ſpring:
The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
Our God, our Saviour, and our King.

Pſalm LXXXIX. 5, &c.

FOR ſuch ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.

What Seraph of cœleſtial Birth,
To vie with Heav'n's high Lord ſhall dare?
Or who, among the Pow'rs of Earth,
With Him in Majeſty compare?

With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs:
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his Almighty Name confeſs!

Pſalm CXXII. 1, 3, 2. and LXXXI. 4.

For Chriſtmas-Day.

O! 'Twas a joyful Sound! to hear
Our Tribes devoutly ſay,
" Up, Chriſtians, to the Temple haſte,
" And keep your Feſtal Day."

For Hither by Divine Command,
The Tribes of God repair,
Before his Throne to celebrate
His Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.

A *Statute* this, ordain'd of old;
Religiouſly decreed
To be, with pious Care, obſerv'd,
By all the Faithful Seed.

Here, then, in full Aſſemblies met,
Exalt your Maker's Fame:
And, with united Voices, here
Your Saviour's Love proclaim!

Pſalm XVI. 8, &c. For Eaſter-Day.

I STRIVE each Action to approve
To God's All-ſeeing Eye:
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove
Becauſe He ſtill is nigh.

Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
My Glory does rejoice:
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.

Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
My Soul from Pain ſhalt free,
Nor leave me in the Duſt of Death,
Exil'd from Heav'n and Thee:

Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
Which to thy Preſence lead:
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
And Joys, that never fade.

Pſalm XXIV. 7, &c.

Aſcenſion-Day.

ERECT your Heads, eternal Gates!
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! he comes,
With his Cœleſtial Train!

Who is the King of Glory? Who?—
The Lord for Strength renown'd;
In Battle mighty; o'er his Foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

Erect your Heads, ye Gates! unfold,
In State to entertain
The King of Glory: See! he comes,
With all his ſhining Train!

Who is this King of Glory? Who?—
The Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory He alone is King,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

Pſalm CVIII.

O GOD, my Heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name:
My Tongue, with chearful Songs of Praiſe,
Shall celebrate thy Fame.

Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I, with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
Thy Wonders I will tell:
And in thy Temple ſing thy Praiſe,
Where Thou vouchſaf'ſt to dwell.

Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
The higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far, beyond th' aſpiring Clouds,
Thy faithful Truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the ſtarry Frame:
And let the World, with one Conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious Name.

Pſalm LVII. 7, &c.

O GOD! My Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
It's thankful Tribute to preſent:
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.

Awake, my Glory!—Harp, and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute!
And I, my chearful Part to take,
Will, with the early Dawn, awake.

Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So, let it be on Earth diſplay'd;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Pſalm XVI. 8, 10. XVIII. 1.
LXXIII. 1, 23, 25.
By Mr. Merrick.

THEE will I bleſs, the faithful Guide,
Whoſe Counſels o'er my Life preſide:
For Thee my Heart, for Thee my Tongue
Shall meditate the grateful Song.

Bleſt Object of my Soul's Deſire!
To Thee my grateful Thoughts aſpire:
On Thee my ſtedfaſt Hope I build,
My God, my Reſt, My Rock, my Shield!

Yes; Mightieſt Lord! My Soul has known
Thy Love in Man's Redemption ſhewn;
And owns the Bliſs by Thee ordain'd
To Each, who bears a Heart unſtain'd.

By thy unerring Guidance led,
Life's Maze I yet ſecurely tread;
And wait, 'till thy appointed Hour
The promis'd Bleſſing round me pour.

My Heart, my Fleſh, may fail: But Thee
My laſting Heritage I ſee:
Thy Strength my fainting Spirit chears,
And checks my Grief, and calms my Fears.

N. B. This Hymn may begin either with the firſt, or ſecond Stanza, at the Diſcretion of the Clerk.

Pſalm C. 1. and Pſalm XCVIII. 1, 3, 4, &c.

By Mr. Merrick.

YE Tribes of Earth, in God rejoice;
His Preſence hail with thankful Voice:
To him your willing Homage pay,
And wake the tributary Lay.

Sing to the God, whom we adore;
O, ſing, in Lays unheard before,
The Mercies ſhewn us from above,
The Wonders of redeeming Love:

His Hand, exerted in our Aid,
His Hands thoſe Wonders has diſplay'd:
His holy Arm Salvation ſends;
And Triumph on that Arm attends.

His *Juſtice* thro' the World has ſhin'd,
And *Truth*—with endleſs *Mercy* join'd:
And Earth, to juſt Obedience aw'd,
Has own'd her Saviour and her God.

To him, who claims th' eternal Sway,
To him the vocal Tribute pay:
Praiſe, thank, and bleſs, in loudeſt Strains,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns.

Pſalm CXVIII. 1, 27, 8, 21, 28, 29.

By Mr. Merrick.

LIFT your Voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King;
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no End.

In JEHOVAH ſafe confide;
He is God, and none beſide:
See! his fav'ring Beams ariſe
To his People's longing Eyes.

O how ſafe the Man, whoſe Mind
Reſts upon his God reclin'd!
Safer far, than they, who truſt
On the Help of breathing Duſt.

THEE, the God inthron'd above,
THEE my Lips ſhall ſing, whoſe Love
To my Voice Attention gave,
Prompt to hear, and ſtrong to ſave.

THEE, my God, in lengthen'd Lays,
THEE my raptur'd Lips ſhall praiſe;
THEE, my God, my Harp proclaim,
Zealous to exalt thy Fame.

Lift your Voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King:
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no End.

Pſalm CXXXVI. By Mr. Merrick.

LIFT your Voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King:
For his Bleſſings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no End.

Be the Lord your only Theme,
Who of Gods is God ſupreme;
Who aſſerts his juſt Command
By the Wonders of his Hand:

He, whoſe Wiſdom, thron'd on High,
Built the Manſions of the Sky:
Bade the Orbs, that gild the Pole,
Thro' the boundleſs Æther roll;

Thee, O Sun! whoſe pow'rful Ray
Rules the Empire of the Day;
You, O Moon and Stars! whoſe Light
Breaks the Horrors of the Night.

On our Sorrows from on High,
He with Pity caſt an Eye:
He with Food ſuſtains, O Earth,
All, who take from thee their Birth.

Lift your Voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſe to Heav'n's, eternal King:
For his Bleſſings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no End.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ,
Above the ſtarry Frame!
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

Thou, Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds, that move
In liquid Air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

Pſalm CXLVIII. the ſecond Part.

LET Earth her Tribute pay:
Praiſe God, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh, that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales:
By every Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt!

United Zeal be ſhewn
His wondrous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends!

His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on High,
And favors Britain's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh:
O, therefore, raiſe
Your grateful Voice;
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe!

Pſalm CXXXVI. 1, 4, 6, 7, 25.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat;
To Him due Praiſe afford;
As good as He is great:
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend:
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns, by his Command,
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

He ſpread the Ocean round
About the ſpacious Land;
And made the riſing Ground
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun, to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars, by Night.
For God &c.

He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live;
To God, who reigns on High,
Eternal Praiſes give.
For He will prove
Our conſtant Friend:
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

Pſalm CL.

O, PRAISE the Lord in that bleſt Place,
From whence his Bounty largely flows;
Praiſe Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory ſhows.

Praiſe Him for all his mighty Acts,
Which He in our Behalf has done:
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let All, that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath, He does to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ:
Let ev'ry Creature praiſe the Lord.

Pſalm CXXXV. 2, 20.

PRAISE God all ye, that in his Houſe
Attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe, who to his utmoſt Courts,
With humble Zeal repair:

Your Senſe of his unbounded Love,
With grateful Voice expreſs;
And, with glad Hymns, his ſacred Name
For all his Goodneſs bleſs.

Pſalm CL. By Mr. Merrick.

PRAISE, O praiſe the Name divine;
Praiſe it at the hallow'd Shrine:
Let the Firmament on high
To it's Maker's Praiſe reply.

Be the Harp no longer mute;
Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute;
Wake to Life each tuneful String;
Bring the Pipe, the Timbrel bring:

Let the Organ, in his Praiſe,
Learn it's loudeſt Notes to raiſe;
And the Cymbal's varying Sound
From the vaulted Roof rebound.

All, who vital Breath enjoy,
In his Praiſe that Breath employ,
And in one great Chorus join:
Praiſe, O, praiſe, the Name divine.

HALLELUJAH!

SALVATION, AND GLORY, AND HONOR, AND POWER, UNTO THE LORD, OUR GOD! HALLELUJAH.

Rev. xix. 1, 2.

HYMNS,

OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

———Their Golden Harps they took,
(Harps ever tun'd) and with Preamble ſweet
Of charming Symphony, they introduce
Their ſacred Song.——
——No Voice, but well could join
Melodious Part: Such Concord is in Heav'n.
Thee, Father, firſt they ſung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King: Thee, Author of all Being:
Fountain of Light, thyſelf inviſible!
——Thee next they ſang, * * * begotten Son!
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of Men! thy Name
Shall be the copious Matter of my Song
Henceforth: And never ſhall my Harp thy Praiſe
Forget; nor from the Father's Praiſe disjoin!

Paradiſe Loſt, Book III.

From Biſhop ATTERBURY's Diſcourſe on CHURCH-MUSIC.

THE Availableneſs of HARMONY to promote a pious Diſpoſition of Mind will appear, from the great Influence it naturally has on the *Paſſions*; which are of particular Uſe in the Offices of DEVOTION. But it's Power is chiefly ſeen in advancing that moſt heavenly Paſſion of LOVE; which regins always in pious Breaſts, and is the ſureſt Mark of true Devotion. At *this* our RELIGION *begins*, and at *this* it *ends*; It is the ſweeteſt Companion and Improvement of it here upon Earth, and the very Earneſt and Foretaſte of HEAVEN—of the Pleaſures of which, nothing is more clearly reveal'd to us, than that they conſiſt in the Practice of HOLY MUSIC, and HOLY LOVE; the joint Enjoyment of which (we are told) is to be the happy Lot of all pious Souls, to endleſs Ages. And, therefore, it is obſervable, that *that* Apoſtle, in whoſe Breaſt this divine Quality ſeems moſt to have abounded, has alſo ſpoken moſt of the HARMONY OF HEAVEN: For ſuch I account the Deſcriptions He has given us of the *Devotions* of ANGELS and BLESSED SPIRITS, performed by HARPS and HYMNS, in ſeveral Parts of the Revelations.

Would we then have *Love* at theſe Aſſemblies? would we have our Spirits ſoftened and enlarged, and made fit for the Reception of the Divine Spirit? Let us call in to our Aid the Aſſiſtance of DIVINE HARMONY, to work us up to this heavenly Temper. All Selfiſhneſs and Narrowneſs of Mind, all Rancour and Peeviſhneſs, vaniſh from the Heart, where the Love of *Divine Harmony* dwells; as the evil Spirit of Saul retired before the *Harp of David*.

An Hymn.

On the Beauties of the Creation.

HAIL! King Supreme! All-wiſe and good!
To Thee our Thoughts we raiſe;
While Nature's Beauties, wide-diſplay'd,
Inſpire our Souls with Praiſe.

At Morning, Noon, and Ev'ning mild,
Thy Works engage our View:
Oft as we gaze, our Hearts exult
With Tranſports ever new.

Thy Glory beams in ev'ry Star,
Which gilds the Gloom of Night;
And decks the riſing Face of Morn
With Rays of cheering Light.

The ſunny Hill, the dewy Lawn,
With thouſand Beauties ſhine;
The ſilent Grove, and awful Shade,
Proclaim *thy* Pow'r divine.

From Tree to Tree, a conſtant Hymn
Employs the feather'd Throng;
To Thee their cheerful Notes they ſwell,
And chaunt their grateful Song.

Great *Nature's* God! Still may theſe Scenes
Our ſerious Thoughts engage!
Still may our grateful Hearts conſult
Thy *Work's* inſtructive Page!

An Hymn.

On the Bounties of Providence.

TO Thee, O God! all Thanks we owe,
For all our Comforts here below;
Our daily Bread thy Bounty gives,
And ev'ry riſing Want relieves.

The Waſtes of Life thy Pow'r repairs;
Thy Mercy ſtills our reſtleſs Cares:
And, ſafe beneath thy guardian Arm,
We live ſecur'd from ev'ry Harm.

To Thee we cheerful Homage bring;
In grateful Hymns thy Praiſes ſing;
Direct to Thee our waiting Eyes,
And humbly hope for freſh Supplies.

We ſtill are indigent and poor;
Indebted much, yet wanting more:
On Thee we ever muſt depend,
The rich, the ſure, the faithful Friend.

And ſhould thy Meaſures ſeem ſevere,
Calmly may we thy Chaſt'ning bear!
Without Complaint, to Thee ſubmit,
Th' unerring Judge of what is fit!

An Hymn.

On the wiſe Diſtributions of Providence.

THRO' all the various ſhifting Scenes
Of Life's miſtaken Ill or Good,
Thy Hand, O God, conducts unſeen
The beautiful Viciſſitude.

Thou portion'ſt with paternal care—
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain—
To each his neceſſary Share
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.

All Things on Earth, and all in Heav'n
On thine eternal Will depend:
And all for greater Good were giv'n,
Would Men purſue th' appointed End.

Be this our Care—to all beſide
Indiff'rent let our Wiſhes be:
Paſſion be calm, and dumb be Pride;
And fix'd our Souls, O God! on Thee.

An Hymn. By Mr. Merrick.

GOD of my Health! whoſe tender Care
First gave me Pow'r to move!
How ſhall my thankful Heart declare
The Wonders of thy Love!

While void of Thought and Senſe I lay,
Duſt of my Parent Earth,
Thy Breath inform'd the ſleeping Clay,
And call'd me to the Birth.

From Thee my Parts their Faſhion took,
And ere my Life began,
Within the Volume of thy Book
Were written ev'ry one.

O! may this Frame, which riſing grew
Beneath thy forming Hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy Will commands!

The *Soul*, which moves this earthly Load,
Thy Semblance let it bear;
Nor loſe the Traces of my God,
Who ſtamp'd his Image there.

The Second Part.

THOU! who within this earthly Shrine
Haſt pour'd thy quick'ning Ray,
Oh! let thy Influence on me ſhine,
And purge each Miſt away.

With curious Search, let others aſk
Thro' Nature's Depths to ſee:
Oh! teach my Soul the better Taſk,
To know itſelf and Thee.

Teach me to know how weak the Mind,
That yields to erring Pride;
And may my doubting Reaſon find
Thy *Word* it's ſafeſt Guide.

Keep in my Soul the ſtrong Delight,
The Hopes that in me riſe;
While Faith preſents before my Sight
The Bliſs that never dies:

Oh! be thoſe *Hopes* my only Boaſt,
That *Faith* my whole Employ;
'Till Faith in Knowledge ſhall be loſt,
And Hope in fulleſt Joy!

The Third Part.

WHERE'ER I turn my wakeful Thought,
Unnumber'd Foes I ſee:
Guide of my Life! forſake me not;
But lead me ſafe to Thee!

As on I preſs, Diſtruſt and Doubt
Diſſuaſive ſtep between;
While Pleaſures tempt me from without,
And Paſſions war within.

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I loſe each Fear,
Each vain Aſſault I brave:
I know Thee, Lord, nor ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

Oh! caſt my Errors from my Sight,
And let them paſs away;
Unheeded, as a Watch by Night,
Or, as a Cloud by Day.

So, ſhall my oft-repeated Lays
My thankful Heart declare;
And joy to celebrate thy Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercy deign'd to ſpare.

James Merrick, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, was born at Reading, the Son of an eminent Phyſician, and died 1769, at the Age of 49.

The Univerſal Prayer.

By Mr. Pope.

Father of all!———

IF I am right, thy Grace impart,
Still in the Right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, Oh teach my Heart
To find that better Way!

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent:
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I ſee:
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by *thy* Breath;
O lead me, whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt, if beſt beſtow'd or not;
And let thy Will be done.

An Hymn.

By Mr. Addiſon.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God!
My riſing Soul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the View, I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe!

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my Infant-Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran;
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man:

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Death,
It gently clear'd the Way;
And thro' the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

Part the Second.

O, HOW ſhall Words, with equal Warmth,
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart?—
But Thou can'ſt read it there.

Ten Thouſand Thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

Thro' every Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after Death, in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

Thro' all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe:
For oh! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe.

An Hymn.

O, praiſe our God! Who holdeth our Souls in Life, and ſuffereth not our Feet to ſlip. Pſ. lxvi. 8.

MY Soul, in pleaſing Wonder loſt,
God's boundleſs Love ſurveys;
And, fir'd with grateful Zeal, prepares
Her Sacrifice of Praiſe.

He leads me thro' the Maze of Sleep,
And brings me ſafe to Light;
And, with the ſame paternal Care,
Conducts my Steps till Night.

When Ev'ning Slumbers preſs my Eyes,
With his Protection bleſt,
In Peace and Safety, I commit
My weary'd Limbs to Reſt.

My Spirit, in his Hands ſecure,
Fears no approaching Ill;
For, whether waking or aſleep,
The Lord is with me ſtill.

At Morn, and Noon, and Night, O God!
My Thanks on *Thee* attend;
In *whom* are founded all my Hopes,
And all my Wiſhes end.

To God, the Protector of our Lives.

An Hymn.

By Mr. Addiſon.

HOW are thy Servants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide;
Their Help, Omnipotence.

In ev'ry Grief, in ev'ry Strait,
Thy Mercy ſets them free;
Whilſt in the Confidence of Pray'r,
Their Souls take hold on Thee.

Tho' we, by hoſtile Pow'rs beſet,
No human Succour have,
We know, *Thou art* not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

In midſt of Dangers, Fears, and Death,
Thy Goodneſs we'll adore;
And praiſe Thee for thy Mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

Our Lives, whilſt thou preſerv'ſt our Lives,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be:
And Death, when Death ſhall be our Doom,
Shall join our Souls to Thee.

An Hymn, for the Morning.

By Biſhop Kenn.

GLORY to Thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſhed me, while I ſlept!
Grant, Lord, when I from Death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs Life partake.

Lord, I my Vows to Thee renew!
Scatter my Sins as Morning-Dew:
Guard the Firſt-Springs of Thought and Will,
And with Thyſelf my Spirit fill.

May all my Converſe be ſincere!
My Conſcience as the Noon-Day clear!
For thine all-ſeeing Eye ſurveys
My ſecret Thoughts, my Works, and Ways.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt, this Day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay:
That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,
In thy ſole Glory may unite.

An Hymn for the Evening.

By the ſame.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Bleſſings of the Light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The Ills, that I this Day have done;
That with the World, Myſelf, and Thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at Peace may be.

Teach me to live; that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed:
Teach me to die; that ſo I may
With Joy behold the Judgment-Day.

O, may my Soul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet Sleep mine Eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To ſerve my God, when I awake,

Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep,
His watchful Station near me keep:
My Heart with Love cœleſtial fill,
And guard me from th' Approach of Ill.

Lord, let my Soul for ever ſhare
The Bliſs of thy paternal Care!
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To ſee thy Face, and ſing thy Love.

From the Morning-Hymn of Biſhop Kenn.

WAKE, and lift up thyſelf, my Heart,
And with the *Angels* bear thy Part,
Who, all Day long, unweari'd ſing
High Praiſe to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly Choir!
May your Devotions me inſpire!
That I, like you, my Age may ſpend:
Like you, may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight;
Have, all Day long, my God in Sight!
Perform, like you, my Maker's Will—
O, may I never more do Ill!

May I redeem the Moments paſt,
And live this Day, as 'twere my laſt!
Improve my Talents with due Care;
And for Eternity prepare!

Dr. Thomas Kenn, Biſhop of Bath and Wells, died A. D. 1711, Ætat. 74.

From the third Hymn of Biſhop Kenn.

BLESS'D Angels! while we ſilent lie,
You Hallelujahs ſing on High:
You joyful hymn the Ever-bleſt
Before the Throne, and never reſt.

We with your Choir-Cœleſtial join,
In off'ring up a Hymn divine:—
(With you in Heav'n we hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.)

" All Praiſe to THEE, in Light array'd,
Who Light thy Dwelling-Place haſt made!
A boundleſs Ocean of bright Beams
From thy All-glorious Godhead ſtreams!

" The Sun, in it's Meridian Height,
Is very Darkneſs in thy Sight!
Our Souls enlighten and inflame,
With Thoughts and Love of thy great Name!

" Shine on us, Lord! New Life impart!
Freſh Ardors kindle in each Heart!—
One Ray of thy All-quick'ning Light
Diſpels the Clouds and Dread of Night."

O, may We always ready ſtand
With our Lamps burning in our Hand!
May we in Sight of Heav'n rejoice,
Whene'er we hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Rev. v. 11, 12, &c.

COME, let us join our grateful Songs
With Angels round the Throne:
Ten Thouſand Thouſands are their *Tongues*,
But all their *Joys* are *one*.

"Worthy the Lamb, that dy'd"—They cry—
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb,"—our Lips reply—
"For He was ſlain for us."

"Jeſus is worthy to receive
"Honor and Pow'r divine:—
"And Bleſſings, more than we can give,
"Be, Lord, for ever thine!"

The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him, who ſits upon the Throne;
And to adore the Lamb!

An Hymn.

FROM All, that dwell beneath the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord!
Eternal Truth attends thy Word:
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
'Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more!

An Hymn of Univerſal Praiſe.

All the World ſhall worſhip Thee, ſing of Thee, and praiſe thy Name. Pſ. lxvi. 3.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations, bow with ſacred Joy:
Know, that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He deſtroy.

His ſov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

We'll croud thy Gates, with thankful Songs;
High as the Heav'n our Voices raiſe:
And Earth, with her ten thouſand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

Wide as the World is thy Command;
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love:
Firm as a Rock thy Truth ſhall ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

An Hymn for the Morning.

O GOD! how endleſs is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Morning new:
And daily Bleſſings, from above,
Gently diſtil like early Dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping Hours!
Thy ſov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
And quickens all our drowſy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command;
To Thee we conſecrate our Days:
Perpetual Bleſſings from thy Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

See that ye walk circumſpectly, redeeming the Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

SHORT is our longeſt Term of Life,
And ſoon the Proſpect ends:
Yet, on this Life's uncertain Date
Eternity depends.

If idly loſt, no Art or Care
The Bleſſing can reſtore:
And Heav'n exacts a ſtrict Account,
For every miſpent Hour.

Yet, equal to our Being's Aim,
The Space to Virtue giv'n:
And Life's few Moments well improv'd,
Secure an Age in Heav'n.

An Hymn for the Evening.

INDULGENT God! Whoſe bounteous Care,
O'er all thy Works is ſhewn!
Oh! let our grateful Praiſe and Pray'r
Aſcend before thy Throne.

What Mercies has this Day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt Thou bleſs'd!
Each Cup with Plenty has o'erflow'd;
With Chearfulneſs each Breaſt.

Now, may ſweet Slumbers cloſe our Eyes,
From Pain and Sickneſs free:
And let our waking Thoughts ariſe,
To meditate on Thee.

So bleſs each future Day and Night,
'Till Life's fond Scene is o'er:
Then to the eternal Realms of Light,
O let our Spirits ſoar.

An Hymn.

O GOD; On Thee we all depend—
On thy paternal Care:
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry Act appear.

Our Father knows what's good and fit;
And Wiſdom guides thy Love:
To thine Appointments we ſubmit,
Thy ev'ry Choice approve.

The Lord's Prayer, paraphras'd.

O FATHER of the Human Race,
Supremely good and great!
Thy Children, form'd and bleſs'd by Thee,
Approach thy heav'nly Seat.

Thy Name in hallow'd Strains be ſung!
We join the ſolemn Praiſe:
To thy great Name, with Heart and Tongue,
Our chearful Homage raiſe.

Thy righteous, mild, and ſov'reign Reign,
Let ev'ry Being own!
And in our *Minds*,—thy Work divine—
Erect thy gracious Throne.

As Angels round thy Seat above
Thy bleſt Commands fulfil;
So may thy Creatures, here below,
Perform thy heav'nly Will!

The ſecond Part.

ON Thee we Day by Day depend:
Our daily Wants ſupply!
And feed with Truth and Virtue pure
Our *Souls*—which never die.

Extend thy Grace to ev'ry Fault;
O! let thy Love forgive!
Teach *us* divine Forgiveneſs too;
And peaceably to live.

Where tempting Snares beſtrew the Way,
Permit us not to tread!
And O, each threat'ning Ill avert
From our unguarded Head!

Thy ſacred Name we thus adore,
With joyful, humble Mind:
And praiſe thy Goodneſs, Truth, and Pow'r,
Eternal, unconfin'd.

Micah vi. 6, 7 8.

WHEREWITH ſhall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his Throne?
Or, how procure his kind Regard;
And for my Guilt atone.

Shall Altars flame, and Victims bleed,
Or ſpicy Fumes aſcend?
Will Offerings like theſe ſucceed,
To make my God my Friend?

Ah! no, my Soul! 'Twere fruitleſs all;
Such Victims bleed in vain:
No Fatlings, from the Field or Stall,
His Favor can obtain.

To *Men* their *Rights* I muſt allow;
My Brother's Faults forgive:
With Reverence to my Maker bow;
And to his Glory live.

Hands that are clean, and Hearts ſincere,
He never will deſpiſe:
And willing Duty He'll prefer
To coſtly Sacrifice.

Revelation, Ch. XIX.

ALL ye, who faithful Servants are
Of our Almighty King;
Who, ſuppliant, at his Throne attend,
His Praiſe devoutly ſing.

Rejoice in God; and render Thanks
To his moſt holy Name:
Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come
The Marriage of the Lamb.

And bleſt, thrice bleſt, is ev'ry one,
Who to the Marriage-Feaſt,
(The Holy-Supper of the Lamb!)
Is call'd a welcome Gueſt!

Rev. Ch. IV. and V.

THOU, God, all Bleſſing, Glory, Might,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
And by thy Bounty live.

And worthy THOU! who haſt redeem'd,
And ranſom'd us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coaſt,
By thy moſt precious Blood!

Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Might,
By All in Earth and Heav'n,
To Him, who ſits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

For Chriſtmas-Day.

HARK! the glad Sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

He comes; the Priſ'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's Bondage held:
The Gates of Braſs before him burſt,
The iron Fetters yield.

He comes; from thickeſt Films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray;
And on the Eye, oppreſs'd with Night,
To pour cœleſtial Day.

He comes, the broken Heart to bind;
The bleeding Soul to cure;
And with the Treaſures of his Grace
T' enrich the humble Poor.

Our glad Hoſannahs, Prince of Peace!
Thy Welcome ſhall proclaim:
And Heav'n's eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

Another.

ARISE, and hail the happy Day;
Caſt all low Cares of Life away,
And Thought of meaner Things:
This Day, to cure our deadly Woes,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe,
With Healing in his Wings.

If Angels, on that happy Morn
The Saviour of the World was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful Songs:
Much more ſhould We of human Race,
Adore the Wonders of his Grace,
To whom the Grace belongs.

How wonderful, how vaſt, his Love,
Who left the ſhining Realms above;
Thoſe happy Seats of Reſt!
How much for loſt Mankind he bore,
Their Peace and Pardon to reſtore,
Can never be expreſs'd!

O then let Heav'n and Earth rejoice;—
Creation's whole united Voice—
And hymn the happy Day:
When Satan's Empire vanquiſh'd fell,
And all the Pow'rs of Death and Hell,
Before his ſov'reign Sway.

Another for Chriſtmas-Day.

HARK! The Herald-Angels ſing, Halle-
lujah!
Glory to the new born King, Hall.
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild! Hall.
God and Sinners reconcil'd! Hallelujah!

Joyful all ye Nations, riſe, Hall.
Join the Triumph of the Skies, Hall.
With th' Angelic Hoſt proclaim, Hall.
Chriſt is born in Bethlehem. Hallelujah!

Chriſt, by higheſt Heav'n ador'd; Hall.
Chriſt, the everlaſting Lord! Hall.
Late in Time, behold him come, Hall.
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb. Hallelujah!

Veil'd in Fleſh the God-head ſee! Hall.
Hail, th' incarnate Deity! Hall.
Pleas'd as Man with Man t' appear, Hall.
Jeſus, our Immanuel here! Hallelujah!

Hail! the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace;
Hallelujah!
Hail! the Sun of Righteouſneſs! Hall.
Light and Life to All he brings, Hall.
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings! Hallelujah!

Mild, He lays his Glory by: Hall.
Born; that we no more may die: Hall.
Born; to raiſe the Sons of Earth: Hall.
Born; to give them ſecond Birth! Hallelujah!

For Eaſter-Day.

JESUS Chriſt is ris'n to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant Holiday, Hall.
Who, ſo freely, on the Croſs, Hall.
Suffer'd to redeem our Loſs. Hallelujah!

Hymns of Praiſe, then, let us ſing, Hall.
Unto him our heav'nly King, Hall.
Who endur'd the Croſs and Grave, Hall.
Sinners to redeem and ſave: Hallelujah!

For, the Pains which He endur'd, Hall.
Our Salvation has ſecur'd! Hall.
And, He reigns above the Sky, Hall.
Where the Angels ever cry, Hallelujah!

Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

CHRIST being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
And reſcu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more: Death ſhall on Him
No more Dominion have:

For that he died—'twas for our Sins
He thus vouchſaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God,
For all Eternity.

So count yourſelves as dead to Sin,
But graciouſly reſtor'd;
And made henceforth alive to God,
Thro' Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

By Mr. Dryden.

Altered and Abridged.

CREATOR SPIRIT! By whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid,
Come; viſit ev'ry pious Mind:
Come; pour thy Joys on Human Kind.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inſpire:
Come; and thy Sacred Unction bring,
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.

Our Frailties help: our Voice controul:
Subject the Senſes to the Soul:
From Sin and Sorrow ſet us free;
And make us Temples worthy Thee.

Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe;
And Peace, the Fruit of Love, beſtow:
And, leſt our Feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the Way.

Make us eternal Truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us THYSELF: that we may ſee
The Father and the Son by Thee.

An Hymn for Whitſunday.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, full of Love,
With Light and Comfort from above:
Be THOU our Guardian, THOU our Guide;
O'er ev'ry Thought and Step preſide.

Conduct us ſafe; conduct us far
From ev'ry Sin, and hurtful Snare:
Lead to thy *Word*—that Rules muſt give,
And teach us Leſſons how to live.

The Light of *Truth* to us diſplay;
And make us know, and chooſe thy Way:
Plant holy *Fear* in every Heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Holineſs—the Road
That we muſt take to dwell with God:
Lead us to CHRIST—the living Way:
Nor let us from his Paſtures ſtray.

Lead us to GOD—our final Reſt—
In his Enjoyment to be bleſt:
Lead us to Heav'n—the Seat of Bliſs—
Where Pleaſure in Perfection is.

Veni Creator.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, Creator, come,
And viſit all theſe Souls of Thine:
Thou haſt inſpir'd our Hearts with Life,
Inſpire them now with Life divine.

Enlighten our dark Souls, till they
Thy Love, thy heav'nly Love embrace;
And (ſince we are by Nature frail)
Aſſiſt us with thy ſaving Grace.

Drive far from us the mortal Foe,
And grant us to have Peace within;
That, with thy Light and Guidance bleſt,
We may eſcape the Snares of Sin.

From the Te Deum.

O SAVE thy Servants, Lord, whoſe Souls
Have Thee ſo dearly coſt;
Nor let the Purchaſe of thy Blood,
Thy precious Blood, be loſt.

Have Mercy, Mercy, on us, Lord;
To us thy Grace extend:
According as, for Mercy we
On Thee alone depend!

In Thee we have repos'd our Truſt;
And ever ſhall do ſo:
Preſerve us, then, from Ruin here;
And from eternal Woe.

The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 29.

LORD! Let thy Servant now depart
Into thy promis'd Reſt;
Since my expecting Eyes have been
With thy Salvation bleſt:

Which, 'till this Time, thy favor'd Saints
And Prophets only knew;
Long-ſince prepar'd—but now ſet forth
In all the People's View;

A Light to ſhew the Heathen-World
The Way to ſaving Grace:
But O! the Light and Glory both
Of thine own choſen Race.

An Hymn.

SALVATION! O, the joyful Sound!
What Pleaſure to our Ears!
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound:
A Cordial for our Fears.

Salvation!—Let the Echo fly,
The ſpacious Earth around!
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound!

DIES IRÆ.

By the Earl of Roſcommon.

1. THE Judge aſcends his awful Throne!
He makes each ſecret Sin be known:
And all with Shame confeſs their own.

O then! what Int'reſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt, important Stake;
When the moſt Juſt have Cauſe to quake!

2. Thou! mighty, formidable King;
Thou! Mercy's unexhauſted Spring;
Some comfortable Pity bring!

Forget not what my Ranſom coſt;
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be loſt,
In Storms of guilty Terror toſt!

3. Thou! who for me didſt feel ſuch Pain;
Whoſe precious Blood the Croſs did ſtain;
Let not thoſe Agonies be vain!

Thou! whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay!)
Before the ſad Accounting Day!

4. Give my exalted Soul a Place
Among thy choſen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

Proſtrate, my contrite Heart I rend!
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forſake me in my End!

His Lordſhip died 1684: at the very Moment in which he expired he uttered the two laſt Lines of this Poem, with an Energy of Voice that expreſſed the moſt fervent Devotion.

Prepare to meet thy God, O Iſrael!
Amos iv. 12.

O GOD, our inmoſt Soul convert;
And deeply, on our thoughtful Heart,
ETERNITY impreſs:
Give us to feel its ſolemn Weight;
To tremble on the Brink of Fate;
And wake to Righteouſneſs.

Be *this* our daily Buſineſs here,
" With ſerious Induſtry and Fear,
" Our future Bliſs t' inſure:
" Thy utmoſt Counſel to fulfil;
" To execute thy Righteous Will;
" And to the End endure."

Then, Saviour! then, our Souls receive,
Tranſported from the Vale, to live
And reign with Thee above:
Where FAITH is ſweetly loſt in Sight,
And HOPE, in full ſupreme Delight,
And everlaſting Love.

Bleſſed are the Dead, who die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

HARK! from on High a cheering Voice,
Sweet to the pious Ear!
'Twill make each faithful Heart rejoice,
And vanquiſh ev'ry Fear.

" Write—Henceforth bleſſed are the Dead,
Who in the Lord ſhall die:
Softly repos'd as on a Bed,
Their wearied Limbs ſhall lie.

" Whilſt their glad Souls, at laſt releas'd,
To Heav'n ſhall take their Flight,
There to enjoy eternal Reſt,
And infinite Delight.

" They'll drop their Load, as they aſcend,
And bid Farewell to Woe:
Their Labours with their Lives ſhall end;
Their Joys no Period know.

" Endleſs Rewards ſhall recompenſe
Their hearty Service here:
And perfect Love ſhall baniſh thence
All Diffidence and Fear."

On the ſame.

We have this Hope, as an Anchor of the Soul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt. Heb. vi. 19.

FROM Heav'n deſcends a joyful Strain,
Convey'd to Earth on Angels' Wings,
To mitigate our Grief and Pain;
And *this* the Theme of Joy it brings:

"Thus write," (the Voice from Heav'n proclaims)
"The virtuous Dead are ever bleſt!
"Their Works immortalize their Names;
"Their Labors ceaſe, their Bodies reſt."

Behold the Saviour wide diſplay
The Trophies of his gen'rous Love,
To cheer you thro' Life's thorny Way,
And lead to happy Realms above!

'Tis He deſtroys Death's baneful Sting,
And bids the Grave's dread Horrors fly!
The Choirs of Heav'n his Triumphs ſing,
And hail Him Victor thro' the Sky!

The Chriſtian's Conſolation.

An Hymn.

By Mr. Addiſon.

WHEN Thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſ-
clos'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O, how ſhall I appear.

But Thou haſt told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endleſs Woe prevent.

Then, ſee the Sorrow of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give thoſe Sorrows Weight.

For, never ſhall my Soul deſpair
It's Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make that Pardon ſure.

Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq. died 1719, at the Age of 48.

Peace to the troubled Mind.

An Hymn.

O THOU! the Wretched's ſure Retreat!
My tort'ring Cares controul;
And, with the cheerful Smile of Peace,
Revive my fainting Soul!

Did ever thy relenting Ear
The humble Plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive Mis'ry ſigh,
And ſupplicate in vain?

Oppreſs'd with Grief and Shame—diſſolv'd
In penitential Tears—
Thy *Goodneſs* calms our reſtleſs Doubts,
And diſſipates our Fears.

New Life, from thy refreſhing Grace,
Our ſinking Hearts derive:
Thy gentle, beſt-loved Attribute,
"To pity and forgive."

The Trials of Virtue.

By Mr. Merrick.

AH! Why thus heavy, O my Soul?
Say why (diſtruſtful ſtill)
Thy Thoughts with vain Impatience roll
O'er Scenes of future Ill?

Let *Faith* ſuppreſs each riſing Fear,
Each anxious Doubt exclude:
Thy MAKER's Will has plac'd Thee here,
A Maker *wiſe* and *good*:

He to thy ev'ry Trial knows
It's juſt Reſtraint to give;
Attentive, to behold thy Woes,
And faithful, to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul?
Say why (diſtruſtful ſtill)
Thy Thoughts with vain Impatience roll
O'er Scenes of future Ill?

Tho' Griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whoſe Finger marks the Seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong Tide.

An Hymn. By Mr. Merrick.

Man walketh in a vain Shadow; and diſquieteth himſelf in vain. Pſ. xxxix. 7.

AUTHOR OF GOOD! to Thee I turn!
Thy ever wakeful *Eye*
Alone can all my Wants diſcern;
Thy *Hand* alone, ſupply.

O, let thy FEAR within me dwell,
Thy LOVE my Footſteps guide:
That Love ſhall *vainer* Loves expel,
That Fear, *all* Fears *beſide*.

And O!—By Error's Force ſubdu'd,
Since oft my ſtubborn Will
Prepoſt'rous ſhuns the *latent Good*,
And graſps the *ſpecious Ill*;

Not to my *Wiſh*, but to my *Want*,
Do thou thy Gifts apply:
Unaſk'd, what GOOD thou knoweſt, grant;
What ILL, tho' aſk'd, deny!

By another Hand.

O BLIND to each indulgent Aim
Of Pow'r ſupremely wiſe,
Who fancy *Happineſs* in aught
The Hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the Joy we ſeek,
And vain what we poſſeſs,
Unleſs harmonious *Reaſon* tunes
The *Paſſions* into Peace.

To temper'd Wiſhes, juſt Deſires,
Is Happineſs confin'd;
And, deaf to Folly's Call, attends
Serenity of Mind.

If any Man lack Wiſdom, let him aſk of God.— Every good Gift, and every perfect Gift, is from above; and cometh down from the Father of Lights. James i. 5, 17.

NO more to Earth's low Scenes confin'd,
To THEE! ſupreme, all-perfect Mind,
My Thoughts direct their Flight:
WISDOM's thy Gift, and all her Force
From *Thee* deriv'd, unchanging Source
Of intellectual Light!

O, ſend her ſure, her ſteady Ray,
To regulate my doubtful Way,
Thro' Life's perplexing Road:
The Miſts of Error to controul,
And, thro' it's Gloom, direct my Soul
To Happineſs and Good.

Beneath her clear, diſcerning Eye,
The viſionary Shadows fly
Of Folly's painted Show:
She ſees, thro' ev'ry fair Diſguiſe,
That *all*, but *Virtue's* ſolid Joys,
Is Vanity and Woe.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour, &c.
Matt. xi. 28.

By Mr. Merrick.

" TO ME, ye Sons of Sorrow, come,
" That o'er Life's rugged Road,
" With weary Step, uncertain roam,
" And bend beneath your Load:

" Come, take my Yoke, and learn of Me;
" For I am meek of Mind:
" Come! and your Soul, from Error free,
" The Reſt, it ſeeks, ſhall find."

Such was the Voice of HIM, who ſpoke
As never Man before!—
His Burden light, and eaſy Yoke,
My Soul ſhall ſhun no more.

I COME! (my *Pray'r* to THEE addreſs'd,
Whoſe Lips the Precept gave)
Do Thou within my inmoſt Breaſt,
The heav'nly Leſſon grave!

So ſhall I learn my deſtin'd Race
To run with willing Feet;
Unmov'd, as *Honour* or *Diſgrace*,
In Virtue's Paths I meet.

Humility, with *Meekneſs* join'd,
My EXALTATION ſee;
And FREEDOM's fulleſt Meaſure find,
Bleſt Lord! in ſerving Thee.

The Happy Man.

HOW bleſt the Man, how fully ſo!
As far as Man is bleſt below,
Who, taking up his Croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his Days.

The Father of the Saints above
Adopts him with a Father's Love;
And makes his Boſom thro'ly ſhine
With wond'rous Stores of Grace divine!

Sweet Grace divine! the Pledge of Joy,
That will his Soul above employ:
Full Joy! that, when his Time is done,
Becomes his Portion as a Son.

He finds a ſov'reign Care defend,
And Mercy ſmile, and Love deſcend,
To chear, to guide him in the Ways
Of this vain World's deceitful Maze.

And, though the wicked Earth diſplay
It's Terrors in their fierce Array,
Such Succour keeps him clear of Ill;
Still firm to Good, and dauntleſs ſtill.

This and the ſeven Pages next following are extracted from the Works of Dr. Parnell.

The Way to Happineſs.

HOW long, ye miſerably blind,
Shall idle Dreams engage your Mind!
How long the Paſſions make their Flight
At empty Shadows of Delight!

No more in Paths of Error ſtray:
Jeſus, the Saviour, is the Way,
The Spring of Happineſs:—And where
Should Men ſeek Happineſs, but there?

Then run to meet Him at your Need,
And run with Boldneſs, run with Speed:
For He forſook his own Abode,
To meet you more than Half the Road.

Thrice happy Men! who at thy Call,
Leaving their Pleaſures, leaving All,
With Heart, with Soul, with Strength incline,
O ſweeteſt *Jeſu!* to be thine!

Who know thy Will, obſerve thy Ways,
And in thy Service ſpend their Days!
E'en Death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to Thee!

The Convert's Love.

O BLESSED Light of Saints on High,
Who fill the Manſions of the Sky:
Thou ſure Defence, whoſe Mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy Subjects here from Ill:
O my dear Saviour, make me know,
How to pay Thee the Thanks I owe.

I, wretched Man, thro' wanton Will,
Ran blind and headlong on to Ill:
Thoughtleſs from Sin to Sin I flew,
And might in Sin have periſh'd too;
But Mercy dropp'd thy Likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd, and ſav'd me from my Fear:

While, o'er the Darkneſs of my Mind,
The ſacred Spirit purely ſhin'd;
And mark'd, and brighten'd all the Way,
Which leads to everlaſting Day;
And broke the thick'ning Clouds of Sin,
And fix'd the Light of Love within.

From hence my raviſh'd Soul aſpires,
And dates the Riſe of it's Deſires:
From hence, to Thee, my God! I turn;
And fervent Wiſhes ſay, I burn:
I burn thy glorious Face to ſee,
And live in endleſs Joy with Thee.

His Prayer.

PROPITIOUS Son of God! to Thee,
With all my Soul I bend my Knee;
My Wiſh I ſend, my Want impart,
And dedicate my Mind and Heart.

For, ſhould my Soul's eternal Guide,
The ſacred Spirit, be deny'd,
Thy Servant ſoon the Loſs would know,
And ſink in Sin, or run to Woe.

O Spirit! bountifully kind,
Poſſeſs, inflame, and fill my Mind:
Diſperſe my Sins with Light divine,
And raiſe the Flames of Love with thine.

Before thy Pleaſures, rightly priz'd
Let Wrath and Honor be deſpis'd;
And let the Father's Glory be
More dear, itſelf, than Life to me!

On the Redeemer's Love.

OH! What amazing Love was thine
In that thy good, thy beſt Deſign!
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And Man undone without thy Aid!

Love brought Thee down, thou Lord of Grace,
From the bright Seats of endleſs Peace,
To Thirſt and Hunger, Grief and Woe;
To Wounds, to Death itſelf, below!

To bid the Soul, that's ſick, be clean:
To bring the Loſt to Life again:
To comfort thoſe, that grieve for Ill,
Is thy peculiar Goodneſs ſtill!

And as the Thoughts of Parents run
Upon a dear and only Son,
So kind a Love thy Mercies ſhow;
So kind, and more *extremely* ſo!

Dr. Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, died 1717, at the Age of 38.

By the ſame.

HOLY Jeſus; God of Love,
Look with Pity from above;
Let thy Streams of Comfort roll,
Let them pleaſe and fill my Soul.

This, for which my Wiſhes pine,
Is the Cup of Love divine!
Sweet Affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the Joys of Senſe!

Oh! the ſweet infus'd Deſires,
Fervid Wiſhes, holy Fires,
Which a melted Heart refine!
Such—Oh! ſuch, be ever mine!

PRAISE TO THE ETERNAL SON.

TO *Thee*, the ſweet ſeraphic Choir
Raiſe the glad Voice, and tune the Lyre;
And Praiſes with harmonious Sound,
Thro' all the higheſt Heav'n rebound.
" O, *make* our Notes with their's agree!
" And bleſs the Souls, that ſing of Thee;"

In Thee the Churches here rejoice:
The ſolemn Organ aids the Voice:
To ſacred Roofs the Sound we raiſe,
The ſacred Roofs reſound thy Praiſe:
" And while our Notes in one agree,
" O bleſs the Church, that ſings to Thee!"

The Soul in Sorrow.

WITH kind Compaſſion hear my Cry,
O Jeſus! Lord of Life, on High!
And on thy Servant's drooping Head
Thy Dews of Bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick Refreſhment give,
And raiſe my Mind, and bid me live.

My Fears of Danger while I breathe;
My Dread of endleſs Hell beneath;
My Senſe of Sorrow for my Sin;
To ſpringing Comfort change within:
Change all my ſad Complaints for Eaſe,
To chearful Notes of endleſs Praiſe.

Let not a Tear mine Eyes employ;
But ſuch, as owe their Birth to *Joy*---
Joy, all-tranſporting, ſweet and ſtrong,
Fit, both to raiſe and fill my Song---
Joy, that ſhall ſtill reſounded be,
While Days and Nights ſucceed to me.

The Second Part.

OH! be not as a judge ſevere!
For ſo, thy Preſence who may bear?
But hearken to my mournful Cry;
And look with Mercy's gracious Eye.

What needs my Blood, ſince thine will do,
To pay the Debt to Juſtice due!
O tender Mercy's Art divine!
Thy Sorrow proves the Cure of *mine!*

Thy bleeding Wounds, thy woful Smart,
Allay the Bleedings of my Heart!
Thy Death, in Death's Extreme of Pain,
Reſtores my Soul to Life again!

O guide me, then—for here I burn
To make my Saviour ſome Return—
I'll riſe (if *that* will pleaſe him ſtill:
And ſure I've heard him own, it will.)

I'll trace his Steps, and bear my Croſs,
Deſpiſing ev'ry Grief and Loſs;
Since *He*, deſpiſing Pain and Shame,
Firſt took up *his*, and did the ſame.

Be merciful unto me! For my Soul truſteth in Thee: Yea, and under the Shadow of thy Wings ſhall be my Refuge, until theſe Calamities be overpaſt. Pſ. lvii. 1.

JESU! Lover of my Soul!
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the ſwelling Waters roll;
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide;
Till the Storms of Life are paſt:
Safe into the Haven guide;
O, receive my Soul at laſt!

Other Refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still ſupport and comfort me!

All my Truſt on Thee is ſtay'd;
All my Help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing!

Juſt and holy is thy Name;
I am all Unrighteouſneſs!
Vile and full of Sin I am;
Thou art full of Truth and Grace!

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found;
Grace, to pardon all my Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound;
Make, and keep me, pure within!

God forbid, that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; by whom the World is crucified unto me, and I unto the World. Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous Croſs,
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richeſt Gain I count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride!

See, from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch Love, ſuch Sorrow meet?
Or, Thorns compoſe ſo bright a Crown?

Forbid it, Lord! that I ſhould boaſt,
Save, in the Croſs of Thee, my God!
All the vain Things, that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them for thy Blood!

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine;
That were a Preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

On the Paſſion.

FROM whence theſe dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground?
Why hides the Sun his Rays?

Earth; to thy very Centre ſhake!
With Jeſus ſympathize!
Thou, Sun! as Midnight Gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

What Tongue the Tortures can declare,
Of this avenging Hour!
Wrath *He alone* had *Will* to ſhare,
As *He alone* had *Pow'r*.

See ſtreaming from th' afflictive Tree
His all-atoning Blood!
Is this the INFINITE?—'Tis *He:*
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD.

For Me theſe Pangs his Soul aſſail,
For *Me* the Death is borne:
My Sin gave Sharpneſs to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

Let Sin no more my Soul enſlave!
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain!
O! ſave me! whom Thou cam'ſt to ſave!
Nor die, nor bleed in vain!

The Paſſion and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

HE dies; the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's Daughters wept around!
A ſolemn Darkneſs veils the Skies?
An awful Trembling ſhakes the Ground!

Come, Saints! and drop a Tear or two
For Him, who groan'd beneath your Load!
He ſhed a Thouſand Drops for you;
A Thouſand Drops of richer *Blood!*

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men!—
But, lo! What ſudden Joys we ſee!
Jeſus, who died, revives again!

The riſing God forſakes the Tomb:
(In vain the Tomb forbids his Riſe!)
Cherubic Legions guard him home!
And ſhout Him Welcome to the Skies!

Ceaſe from your Tears, ye Saints! and tell,
How High our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing, how he ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell:
And led the Monſter, Death, in Chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem; and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then, aſk the Monſter, "Where's thy Sting?"
And, "Where's thy Victory, boaſting Grave?"

An Hymn.

LO! he comes, with Clouds deſcending,
Once for favor'd Sinners ſlain!
Thouſand Thouſand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train!
Hallelujah, hall. hall. hallelujah, Amen.

Ev'ry Eye ſhall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty—
They who ſet at Nought, and ſold Him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to a Tree!
Hallelujah, hall. hall. hallelujah, Amen.

Ev'ry Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth, ſhall paſs away:
All, who hate Him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day!
Hallelujah, hall. hall. hallelujah, Amen.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See, in ſolemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet Him in the Air!
Hallelujah, hall. hall. hallelujah, Amen.

Yea, Amen! Let All adore Thee,
High, on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour! Take the Pow'r and Glory;
Take the Kingdom for thine own.
Hallelujah, hall. hall. hallelujah, Amen.

It is finiſhed. John xix. 30.

" 'TIS FINISH'D," the REDEEMER ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head!—
Let us the Sentence ſcan!
Ye Faithful come! Admire the Word!
Behold the Conqueſts of your Lord
Complete for helpleſs Man!

Finiſh'd the Righteouſneſs of Grace;
Finiſh'd for Sinners, pardoning Peace;
Their mighty Debt is paid:
Accuſing Law cancel'd by Blood;
The Wrath of an offended God
In ſweet Oblivion laid!

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim?
The *Law* no longer can condemn;
Faith a Releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears,
And from the Throne this Mandate bears,
" Looſe him, and let him go."

For a Day of Public Humiliation.

LORD! How ſhall wretched Sinners dare
Look up to thy divine Abode!
Or, offer their imperfect Pray'r
Before a juſt and holy God!

Bright Terrors guard thy awful Seat,
And dazzling Glories veil thy Face!
Yet Mercy calls us to thy Feet:
Thy Throne is ſtill a Throne of Grace.

O, may our Souls thy Grace adore!
May Jeſus plead our humble Claim;
While thy Protection we implore
In his prevailing, glorious name!

With all the boaſted Pomp of War,
In vain we dare the hoſtile Field——
In vain——unleſs Thou, Lord, art there:
Thine Arm alone is Britain's Shield.

Let paſt Experience of thy Care
Support our Hope, our Truſt invite!
Again, attend our humble Pray'r;
Again, be Mercy thy Delight!

Our Arms ſucceed! Our Councils guide!
Let thy Right-Hand our Cauſe maintain;
'Till War's deſtructive Rage ſubſide,
And Peace reſume her gentle Reign.

As by one Man's Diſobedience, many were made Sinners; ſo by the Obedience of one, ſhall many be made righteous.——It is God that juſtifieth: Who is he that condemneth?—— Who ſhall ſeparate us from the Love of Chriſt? Rom. v. 19. and viii. 33.

LOW on our Knees, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Diſgrace we own:
Great God! we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence ſprung our Nature and our Shame!

But whilſt our Spirits, fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We ſing the Honors of thy Grace,
That ſent to ſave a ruin'd Race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own:
Adam, the ſecond, from the Duſt
Raiſes the Ruins of the firſt.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life: there glorious Grace
Reigns, thro' the Lord, our Righteouſneſs.

Te Deum laudamus.

To be ſung as the 149th Pſalm.

——HOW ſhall we adore
How *worthily* praiſe
Thy Goodneſs and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace!
With Honor and Bleſſing,
Before Thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee FATHER OF ALL.

Thou, SAVIOUR, art One,
With God the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with Him!
Inveſted with Glory,
On High doſt Thou ſit,
While Angels adore Thee,
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!
How wondrous thy Grace!
Thou cam'ſt from Above,
To ſave a loſt Race;
And, Man to deliver,
Of Woman was born;
That ev'ry Believer
To God might return.

An Hymn.

To the Tune of the 149th Pſalm.

GOD ruleth on High,
Almïghty to ſave;
And ſtill He is nigh,
His Preſence we have.
The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To Jeſus, our King.

"Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the Throne!"
Let All cry aloud,
And honour the Son.—
The Saviour's juſt Praiſes
The Angels proclaim;
Fall down on their Faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

Then, let us adore,
And give Him his Right;
All Glory and Pow'r,
And Wiſdom and Might:
All Honour and Bleſſing,
With Angels above;
And Thanks never-ceaſing,
And infinite Love.

John XII. 32.

BEHOLD th' amazing Sight!
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's Delight
Expire in Agony!

For whom? For whom, my Heart,
Were all theſe Sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing Smart?
And meet that various Scorn?

For Love of us He bled,
And all in Torture died:
'Twas Love that bow'd his fainting Head,
And op'd his guſhing Side.

Drawn by ſuch Cords as theſe,
Let all the Earth combine,
With cheerful Ardor to confeſs
The Energy divine.

"In Thee our Souls unite;
Nor ſhare thy Griefs alone:
But from thy Croſs purſue their Flight
To thy triumphant *Throne*."

He ſaid, Peace be unto you; and ſhewed them his Hands and his Feet: Then were the Diſciples, &c. John xx. 19, 20.

COME, our indulgent *Saviour*, come,
Illuſtrious Conqu'ror o'er the Tomb:
Here thine aſſembled Servants bleſs,
And fill our Hearts with ſacred Peace.

O, come *Thyſelf*, moſt gracious Lord,
With all the Joys thy Smiles afford;
Reveal the Luſtre of thy Face,
And make us feel thy vital Grace.

With Rapture kneeling round, we greet
Thy pierced Hands, thy wounded Feet:
And from the Scar, that marks thy Side,
We ſee our Life's warm Torrent glide.

Enter our Hearts, *Redeemer* bleſt!
Enter, thou ever-honor'd Gueſt!
Not for one tranſient Hour alone,
But there to fix thy laſting Throne.

For Whitſunday.

SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love!
Send thy bleſt Influence from Above:
And ſtill from Age to Age convey
The Wonders of this ſacred Day.

In ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Tongue,
Be God's eternal Praiſes ſung!
Thro' all the liſt'ning Earth be taught
The Acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort! Heav'nly Guide!
Over thy faithful Church preſide:
Still may mankind thy Bleſſing prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love!

On the Aſcenſion.

OUR *Lord* is riſen from the Dead,
The *Saviour* is gone up on High;
The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky:

There his Triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the ſolemn Lay!
"Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates!
"Ye everlaſting Doors, give Way!

Looſe all your Bars of maſſive Light,
And wide unfold th' ætherial Scene;
He claims theſe Manſions as his Right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory?—Who?—
The Lord, that all his Foes o'ercame;
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew;
And *Jeſus* is the Conqu'ror's Name.

Lo! his Triumphal Chariot waits:
And Angels chaunt the ſolemn Lay;
"Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates!
"Ye everlaſting Doors, give Way!"

Who is the King of Glory?—Who?—
The Lord, of glorious Pow'r poſſeſt,
The *King* of Saints, and Angels too;
God over All, for ever bleſt!

On the ſame.

HAIL the Day, that ſees Him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful Eyes!
Chriſt, awhile to Mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native Heav'n.

There the pompous Triumph waits:
"Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant Scene;
"Let the King of Glory in!"

Him tho' the higheſt Heav'n receives,
Still He loves the Earth he leaves:
Tho returning to the Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own!

Still for us he intercedes;
Prevalent his Death he pleads:
Next *Himſelf* prepares our Place,
Harbinger of Human Race.

Ever upward may We move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love:
Looking, when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after Home!

There we ſhall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endleſs Reign:
There thy Face unclouded ſee;
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in *Thee*.

A Fountain opened for Sin and for Uncleanneſs. Zech. xiii. 1.
The Blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth us from all Sin. 1 John i. 7.

HOW ſhall I ſtand before that God,
In whoſe all-piercing Sight,
Some Shades of Darkneſs ſeem to veil
The pureſt Sons of Light?

Where ſhall I waſh my Guilt away,
And make my Nature clean;
Since Drops of penitential Grief
Are tinctur'd ſtill with Sin?

Behold! a Torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's Side,
And plenteous Streams of ſov'reign Grace
Run with the purple Tide.

Here will I bathe my ſpotted Soul,
And make it pure and fair;
'Till not the Eye of God diſcern
One foul Pollution there.

Then dreſs'd in Robes of pureſt White,
I'll join the heavenly Band;
And ſing new Anthems to the Lamb,
While round the Throne we ſtand!

I have loved thee with an everlaſting Love: Therefore, with Loving-Kindneſs have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi. 3.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme;
Sing aloud in Jeſu's Name!
Ye, who his Salvation prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

Mourning Souls! dry up your Tears;
Baniſh all your guilty Fears:
See! your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancel'd by *Redeeming Love!*

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin;
Now from Bliſs no longer rove:
Stop—and taſte *Redeeming Love!*

Welcome All, by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred Reſt:
Nothing brought Him from Above—
Nothing, but *Redeeming Love!*

Hither, then, ſweet Numbers bring;
Strike aloud each tuneful String:
Mortals! join the Hoſts above;
Join to praiſe *Redeeming Love!*

How dear are thy Counſels unto me, O God! O, how great is the Sum of them. Pſalm cxxxix. 17.

IN glad Amazement, Lord, I ſtand,
Amidſt the Bounties of thy Hand;
How numberleſs thoſe Bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

Fain would my grateful Heart deviſe,
To bring ſome worthy Sacrifice:
It ſinks beneath the mighty Load—
What ſhall I render to my God?

To thee I conſecrate my Praiſe,
And vow the Remnant of my Days:
Yet, what at beſt can I pretend
Worthy ſuch Gifts from ſuch a Friend?

In deep Abaſement, Lord, I ſee
My Emptineſs and Poverty:—
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,
And make it *wholly*, *ever*, thine.

Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,
That Heav'n may echo with my Song:
The theme—too great for *Time*—ſhall be
The Joy of all *Eternity*.

An Hymn.

GRATEFUL Notes and Numbers bring,
While JEHOVAH's Praiſe we ſing:
Holy. holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious Name ador'd!

All on Earth, and All above!
Sing the great REDEEMER's Love!—
Lord! thy Mercies never fail!
Hail! Cœleſtial Goodneſs! Hail!

Tho' unworthy, Lord. thine Ear,
Theſe our Hallelujahs hear!
Purer Praiſe we hope to bring,
When with Saints we ſtand and ſing.

Lead us to that bliſsful Seat,
Where Thou reign'ſt ſupremely great;
'Till we come to reign with Thee,
And thy glorious Greatneſs ſee!

Then, with *Angels*, we'll again
Wake a louder, louder Strain:
There. in joyful Songs of Praiſe,
We'll our grateful Voices raiſe.

There, no Tongue ſhall ſilent be;
ALL ſhall join ſweet Harmony!—
Lord! Thy Mercies never fail!
Hail! Cœleſtial Goodneſs! Hail!

Happy art Thou, O Iſrael! Who is like unto Thee, O People ſaved by the Lord—the Shield of thy Help and who is the Sword of thy Excellency! Deut. xxxiii. 29.

O *ISRAEL!* bleſt beyond Compare!
Unrivall'd all thy Glories are!
Jehovah deigns to fill thy Throne,
And count thy Intereſt as his own.

He is thy Saviour, He thy Lord;
His Shield is thine, and thine his Sword:
Review, in Extacy of Thought,
The grand Salvation he has wrought.

From Satan's Yoke He ſets thee free,
Opens thy Paſſage thro' the Sea:
He, thro' the Deſart is thy Guide;
And Heav'n for Canaan will provide.

Not *Jacob*'s Sons of Old could boaſt
Such Favors to their choſen Hoſt:
Their Glories, which thro' Ages ſhine,
Are but dim Shades and Types of thine.

Cæleſtial Spirit! teach our Tongue
Sublimer Strains than *Moſes* ſung,
Proportion'd to the ſweeter Name
Of God the *Saviour*, and the Lamb.

To you, that fear my Name, ſhall the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe, with Healing in his Wings. Malachi iv. 2.

TO Thee, O *God*, we Homage pay,
Source of the *Light*, that rules the Day;
Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,
Reflects *thy* Rays, and ſpeaks thy Name.

In *louder* Strains we ſing that Grace,
Which gives the *Sun of Righteouſneſs*:
Whoſe nobler Light *Salvation* brings,
And ſcatters *Healing* from his Wings.

Still on our Hearts may *Jeſus* ſhine
With Beams of Light and Love divine!
Quicken'd by Him our Souls ſhall live,
And, chear'd by Him, with Vigor thrive.

O may his Glories ſtand confeſs'd
From North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt:
Succeſsful may his Goſpel run,
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun!

When ſhall that radiant Scene ariſe,
When, fix'd on High in purer Skies,
Chriſt all his Luſtre ſhall diſplay
On all his Saints, thro' endleſs Day!

BENEDICITE.

From Mr. Merrick's Paraphraſe.

YE WORKS OF GOD! on HIM alone,
In Earth his Footſtool Heav'n his Throne,
Be all your Praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe Hand the beauteous Fabric made;
Whoſe Eye the finiſh'd World ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

YE ANGELS! who with loud Acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King:
Again proclaim your Maker's Praiſe,
Again your thankful Voices raiſe,
And touch the tuneful String.

YE THRONES! Dominions! Heav'nly Pow'rs!
O, join your joyful Songs with our's;
With us your Voices raiſe:
From Age to Age extend the Lay,
To Heav'n's ETERNAL MONARCH pay
Hymns of eternal Praiſe.

YE GLITTERING PLANETS of the Sky,
Whoſe Lamps the abſent SUN ſupply,
With *Him* the Song purſue:
And let HIMSELF ſubmiſſive own,
He borrows from a BRIGHTER SUN,
The Light He lends to *you*.

The Second Part.

EXALT, O EARTH! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the Plants, that from thee ſpring,
Renew their annual Bloom:
Whoſe frequent Drops of kindly Rain
Prolific ſwell the rip'ning Grain,
And bleſs thy fertile Womb.

Ye SUMMER'S HEAT and WINTER'S COLD,
By turns, in long Succeſſion roll'd,
The drooping World to cheer:
Praiſe HIM, who gave the Sun and Moon,
To lead the various Seaſons on,
And guide the circling Year!

YE DAYS and NIGHTS, that, ſwiftly borne,
From Morn to Eve, from Eve to Morn,
Alternate glide away:
Praiſe Him, whoſe never-varying Light,
Abſent, adds Horror to the Night,
But *preſent* gives the Day.

YE SHOW'RS and DEWS, whoſe Moiſture ſhed,
Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,
To HIM your Praiſes yield,
Whoſe Influence wakes the genial Birth,
Drops Fatneſs on the pregnant Earth,
And crowns the laughing Field.

The Third Part.

YE BIRDS! exalt YOUR MAKER'S NAME!
Begin. and with th' important Theme
Your artleſs Lays improve:
Wake with your Songs the riſing Day,
Let Muſic ſound from ev'ry Spray,
And fill the vocal Grove.

YE TREES! that grace the rural Scene;
YE FLOW'RS! that o'er th' enamell'd Green
In native Beauty reign;
O! praiſe the RULER OF THE SKIES,
Whoſe Hand the genial Sap ſupplies,
And clothes the thankful Plain.

YE SECRET SPRINGS! Ye gentle Rills!
That murm'ring riſe among the Hills,
Or fill the humbler Vale:
Praiſe HIM, at whoſe Almighty Nod
The rugged Rock diſſolving flow'd,
And form'd a ſpringing Well.

Praiſe HIM, YE BEASTS, that nightly roam
Amid the ſolitary Gloom,
Remote from human Eye:
Praiſe *Him*, by whom ye all are fed;
Praiſe *Him*, without whoſe Heav'nly Aid,
Ye ſicken, faint, and die.

The Fourth Part.

YE Sons of Men, His Praiſe diſplay,
Whoſe vital Breath informs your Clay,
And gives it Pow'r to move:
Ye, that in Britain's Confines dwell,
From Age to Age ſucceſſive tell
The Wonders of his Love.

Let Sion's Sons the Lay prolong,
'Till Angels liſten to the Song,
And bend attentive down:
Let Wonder ſeize the Heav'nly Train,
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal Strain,
So ſweet, ſo like their own.

Ye Spirits of the Juſt and Good,
That, eager for the bleſt Abode,
To Heav'nly Manſions ſoar;
O! let your Songs his Praiſe diſplay,
'Till Heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away;
And Time ſhall be no more.

Praiſe Him, ye meek and humble Train!
Ye Saints! whom his Decrees ordain
The boundleſs Bliſs to ſhare:
O! Praiſe Him; 'till ye take your Way
To Regions of Eternal Day,
And reign for ever there.

For New-Year's Day.

Thou crowneſt the Year with thy Goodneſs. Pſ. lxv. 11.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!
Well may thy Praiſe our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Whoſe Goodneſs crowns the circling Year.

While as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand ſupports the ſteady Pole:
The *Sun* is taught by Thee to riſe,
And Darkneſs, when to leave the Skies.

The flow'ry *Spring*, at thy Command,
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land:
The *Summer*'s Rays with Vigor ſhine,
To raiſe the Corn, and cheer the Vine.

Thy Hand in *Autumn* richly pours
Thro' all our Coaſts redundant Stores:
And *Winters*, ſoften'd by thy Care,
No more a Face of Horror wear.

Seaſons renew'd, and Years, and Days,
Demand ſucceſſive Songs of Praiſe:
Still be the grateful Homage paid
With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade!

And may we, with harmonious Tongue,
In Realms unknown purſue the Song:
There, in thoſe brighter Courts, adore,
Where Days and Years revolve no more.

The Way of Holineſs.

The Ranſomed of the Lord ſhall come to Zion with Songs, and everlaſting Joy upon their Heads: They ſhall obtain Joy and Gladneſs; and Sorrow and Sighing ſhall flee away. Iſaiah xxxv. 8, &c.

SING, *ye Redeemed* of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer ſing:
Pilgrims, for Zion's City bound,
Be joyful in your King!

See, the fair Way his Hand has rais'd,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt Trav'llers err,
Nor aſk the Track in vain.

A Hand divine ſhall lead you on
Thro' all the bliſsful Road;
'Till to the ſacred Mount you riſe,
And ſee your gracious God.

There Garlands of immortal Joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry Head;
While Sorrow, Sighing, and Diſtreſs,
Like Shadows, all are fled.

March on in your *Redeemer's* Strength,
Purſue his Footſteps ſtill:
And let the Proſpect cheer your Hearts,
While lab'ring up the Hill.

Zech. III. 17.

YES: 'tis the Voice of *Love divine!*
And, O! how ſweet the Accents ſound;
" Afflicted *Zion*! riſe and ſhine,
" Fair Mourner proſtrate on the Ground:

" The mighty *God*, thy glorious *King*,
" Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave,
" Hath ſworn, he will Salvation bring,
" Tho' Sorrow preſs thee to the Grave:

" He all a Father's Pleaſure knows,
" To fold thee in his fond Embrace;
" His Heart with ſecret Joy o'erflows,
" And cheerful Smiles adorn his Face!"

A Sacramental Hymn.

THOU *Lamb of God*, whoſe bleeding Love
We thus recal to Mind,
Anſwer thy Servants from Above;
And let us Mercy find!

By all thine agonizing Pain,
And bloody Sweat we pray,
And by thy dying Love to Man—
O, take our Sins away!

O, let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon ſeal!
Pronounce us freely juſtify'd,
And all our Sickneſs heal.

Think upon *us*, who think on thee;
Our weary'd Souls releaſe:
Burſt ev'ry Bond, and ſet us free;
And bid us go in Peace!

Gloria in Excelſis.

GLORY be to *God* on High;
(*God*, whoſe Greatneſs fills the Sky;)
Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heav'n!

Chriſt our *Lord* and *God* we own,
Chriſt, the everlaſting *Son*;
Lamb of *God*, for Sinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending Man!

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow;
Hear, the World's *Redeemer* Thou!
Jeſu; in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take, our Sins away!

Pow'rful *Advocate* with *God*,
Juſtify us by thy Blood!
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow;
Hear, the World's *Redeemer* Thou!

Rev. VII. 9, &c.

HARK! O my Soul! What ſing the Choirs
Around the Heav'nly Throne?
Hark! The Slain Lamb, for evermore,
Sounds in the ſweeteſt Tone!

The Elders there caſt down their Crowns,
And *All*, both Night and Day,
Sing Praiſe to *Him*, who ſhed his Blood,
And waſh'd their Guilt away.

And *this*, while here, We will proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree,
"That thro' the *ſacrificed Lamb*,
"Sinners ſhall pardon'd be."

The Chriſtian's Wiſe Choice. Heb. xi. 25, 26.

MY Soul! with all thy waken'd Pow'rs
Survey the heav'nly Prize!
Nor let theſe glitt'ring Toys of Earth
Allure my wand'ring Eyes.

The Joys and Treaſures of a Day
I willingly reſign;
Rich in the vaſt immortal Store
Secur'd by Grace divine.

Let *Fools* my wiſer Choice *deride*,
Angels and *God* approve:
Nor Scorn of Men, nor Rage of Hell
My Stedfaſtneſs ſhall move.

With ardent Eye the bright Reward
I daily will ſurvey;
And in the cheering Proſpect loſe
The Sorrows of the Way.

Jeſus Chriſt, the ſame Yeſterday, and To-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii. 8.

SAVIOUR *Divine!* thro' Ages *He*
The ſame has been, the ſame ſhall be:
Immortal Glory crowns his Head;
While the High Orbs wax old and fade.

The ſame his Pow'r his Flock to guard;
The ſame his Bounty to reward;
The ſame his Faithfulneſs and Love
To Saints on Earth, and Saints above.

Let Nature change, and ſink, and die,
Jeſus ſhall raiſe his Choſen high;
And fix them near his heav'nly Throne,
In Glory changeleſs as his own.

Chooſe ye this Day, whom ye will ſerve :—As for me, &c.
Joſh. xxiv. 15.

O HAPPY Day, that fix'd my Choice
On *Thee*, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing Heart rejoice,
And tell its Raptures all abroad.

O happy Rite, that ſeals my Vows
To Him, who merits all my Love!
Let cheerful Anthems fill his Houſe,
While to that ſacred Shrine I move.

Now reſt, my long-divided Heart!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
From falſe Delights I freely part,
Won by the Voice of Love Divine!

High Heav'n, that heard the ſolemn Vow,
That Vow *renew'd* ſhall daily hear;
'Till in Life's lateſt Hour I bow,
And bleſs, in Death, a Tye ſo dear.

JOHN XXI. 15.

DO *not I love Thee*, O my Lord?
Behold my Heart, and ſee;
And turn each curſed Idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my Soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy,
When Love of *Thee* can't move.

Thou *know'ſt* I love thee, deareſt Lord:
And O! I fain would ſoar
Beyond the Sphere of mortal Joys,
And learn to love thee *more*.

Pſalm XXII. 22.

THUS to my Brethren I'll declare
The Triumphs of thy Name;
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
Thy Glory thus proclaim:

" Ye faithful Worſhippers of God;
" All of th' *adopted* Line!
" O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
" Sincere Obedience join."

Gloria Patri.

TO *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it ever was,
And ſhall be evermore.

The Doxology. By Biſhop Kenn.

Praiſe God! from whom all Bleſſings flow:
Praiſe Him, all Creatures here below:
Praiſe Him above, ye Heav'nly Hoſt;
Praiſe *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*.

Gloria Patri. By Mr. Merrick.

TO *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* bleſt,
Be Praiſe in loudeſt Notes addreſs'd;
Such as the *Stars of Morning* ſung,
When Earth was on it's Balance hung:

Such Praiſe, as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And *Saints* (whom Zeal like their's inſpires)
In Heav'n above, and Earth below,
Still flows, and ſhall for ever flow.

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